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THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

The barmaid was a very healthy unimaginative person with, as befitted her calling, a good deal of experience of mankind, and, as she freely owned afterward, from the moment that the two shabby men had entered the door, she dimly gathered that there was something wrong about them. To start with, she anticipated that they would try to pass bad coin on her, or partake of refreshment and depart suddenly without paying for it. Or, again, they might have come in to steel ash trays or to carry off the brass fire-irons by way of keepsake; and, even when none of these things happened, she was far from comfortable. She was convnced that there was something unwholesome about them.

At last the sandwiches arrived, and huge, unsightly hunks they were. The shabby men accepted them without complaint—and paid. The maid also brought the clothes unhandily tied up in a newspaper.

"Here's your three-and-six," said Arthur civilly.

"But don't you want to look them over first?"

"Oh! I guess they'll do," said the shabby man with the refined voice, and roused his shabby companion, and went with him through the door and out into the night.

"Well, I'm blessed," said Miss Dubbs, and then, "Pa," she called through the glass doors, "will you please give an eye to the bar for a bit? I want to go upstairs."

"Certainly, Miss Dubbs," boomed the big bass voice, and a dapper little man, whose head came up to the level of the barmaid's chin, trotted into the bar parlor at one door as she swept out through the other.

Miss Emily Dubbs went to the coffee-room above, sat herself in the window and pulled aside a corner of the blind. Outside, in the moonshine, the little strip of tidal harbor showed as clear as day, and across the pavement which led to it walked the two shabby men, arm in arm, with their purple shadows chasing them. When they got to the edge of the quay the one called Arthur sat his friend carefully on a bollard, and when satisfied that he had acquired a balance there, unpacked the newspaper parcel of clothes and prepared to descend to a small boat whose position was shown by a mast that projected above the gunwale.

An impish inspiration seized upon Miss Dubbs, and for a moment she laughed and then she acted upon it. She lifted the sash of the window, and then, drawing the blind still more closely toward the jamb so that only her mouth was exposed, she called out loudly for "Police," and then with a farther shrill cry, exclaimed "Murder!"

The effect was sufficiently startling. The shabby man who was sitting sprang up as though the bollard had suddenly stung him and ran with ungainly strides into the little town. The panic was infectious. Arthur, from below, clambered up over the stringpiece, called aloud upon the name of his Maker and followed with precipitate pace. And where they went the present writer neither knows nor cares, but can only point out that from now onward they vanish from the pages of this memoir.

Equally strange to relate, the outcry raised no further disturbance. The houses on the quay remained deaf behind their shutters, and the town policeman (if, indeed, he heard) gave no sign, but, after the manner of his tribe, crunched stolidly along his beat, and did not seek to ram a chivalrous helm into unnecessary disturbance.

Now, to begin with, Miss Dubbs was distinctly elated with the success of her alarm. Instinctively she had disliked the two shabby men, but as she had nothing definite against them, her outcry might be described as in the main experimental. The result of it startled her, and as she thought it over more, shook her.

Idly she had cried "Murder!" and the men had run as though the law itself was actually at their heels. She was a big young woman, and tightly encased in black satin, which leaves small space for the more violent emotions, bue she caught herself shivering. Had murder been done?

She craned out of the window, and looked up the street, and then she looked down. There was no one to call to aid, no one to consult. For one fleeting instant she thought of the little man with the big voice and the big words downstairs, and then dismissed the idea with a poof! Then she darted across to her own bedroom, hunted out an article of wool work known as a "cloud," fitted it dexterously over her tresses of black hair in front of the glass, and then ran nimbly downstairs and out into the street.

Outside she did not run, because ladies never hurry, although for one thing and another, she felt monstrously inclined to do so; but she walked her quickest, and, looking behind, was thankful for the shadow that was kind enough to keep her company; and in the course of 40 stes stood upon the string piece of the quay and looked down at an untidy weatherbeaten boat below. On the floor of it, partly covered with a blackened sail, was a man. He was lying on his back, and his face was white under the moonshine, and his eyelids were dropped, but not fully shut. His red torpedo beard probably accentuated the pallor of his face.

For the moment she thought him dead, and stood there stooping over the boat, fascinated. Then her eye lighted on a ladder of iron rungs leading down from the string piece, and she dropped to her knees and clambered down into the boat. She was a fine strapping young woman with a good wholesome nerve, and all of the feminine instinct for protection. She was pretty well certain that the man was dead, but she did not shrink from him. She put her hand on his head, discovered on the instant that he lived, and then for the first time felt an impulse to cry out. But she kept this back, sat on one of the thwarts, gathered the man's head on her lap, and spoke to him.

In reply he groaned very, very faintly. She could just hear the sound, and leaned her ear to his lips in case he could form his last wishes into words.

"If you—could kill—that untidy fellow—Arthur—I'd be obliged to you."

"Certainly," was her brisk reply. "But for the present you must get out of this boat and come up to the house. You're near perished to death with cold. Do you think you can climb up if I help you?"

He obviously could not. He had slipped back into unconsciousness again, and her gentle shaking could not rouse him. So with an effort she took him in her arms, and then, standing up, hove him on to the string piece of the quay above; then panting with exertion and excitement, she followed to the upper level herself. And then once more whipping her arms underneath him, she carried him sturdily across the moon lit stones, and through the doorway of the Mason's Arms.

CHAPTER VII.

Cremation of a Tobacco Pipe.

"People have no idea," said Miss Dubbs, "how careful us bar ladies have to be. People seem to think that because we can be affable with boys that come in for a glass and a chat, we're the same to everybody. I'm not denying, too, that there may be bar girls in some of the smaller establishments who are a bit common. But in a respectable house such as this, you can bet that a girl knows her place and keeps it, and if she didn't the guv'nor would very soon show her what's what."

"I notice," said Mr. Kettle, "that you call him pa. Any relation?"

"No more'n I am to you. All the village calls him pa, and the old lady ma, for that matter, and as they seem to like it I follow their example. Relation, indeed! I should think not. My people are very different style. I don't tell it to everybody but as you are a sort of friend by now, captain, I may tell you in confidence that my father's a minister."

"I don't see why you should say 'a sort of' friend. I know that after all you've done for me. I feel that you are about the best friend I've got. But then I supose—"

"You suppose what?"

"You're accustomed to being kind to people."

"If you mean that I'm in the habit of going out just before quitting time and picking up drugged young men and carrying them across here, and putting them into apartments they haven't ordered, you're mistaken."

"Kick me, and you'll find I'll take it lying down."

"Well, I didn't mean to be unkind, captain, but you must admit that you brought it on yourself. I know you gentlemen think that because a girl's in business behind a bar she can't keep herself select. But you never made a greater mistake in your lives. I'll tell you why. Between customers, during the slack times of the day, we have time for reading, and so, naturally, we pick up a lot of other business ladies don't have a chance of learining. Look at this novel by Charles Garvice! Now what that man doesn't know about life in the higher circles is obviously not worth knowing."

"Which was your father's denomination?"

"Methodist New Connection."

"Mrs. Farnish, who brought me up, was a Bible Christian. Captain Farnish, after some voyages was a strict Wesleyan, and after others he was a Plymouth Brother. And once he said he thought he'd turn Spiritualist, but it didn't last."

"And you yourself, captain?"

"Well, between ourselves, miss, I see points in them all, and perfection in none of them. My own idea is that a man doesn't take up religion at all heartily till he's married, and for my-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Fifth Installment.

LOOKING back, a man really has a more objective feeling about himself as a child than he has about his father or mother. He feels as though that child was not the present him, individually, but an ancestor; just as much an ancestor as either of his parents. The saying that the child is the father to the man may be taken in a sense almost the reverse of that usually given to it. The child is father to the man in the sense that his individuality is separate from the individuality of the grown-up into which he turns. This is perhaps one reason why a man can speak of his childhood and early youth with a sense of detachment.

Having been a sickly boy, with no natural bodily prowess, and having lived much at home, I was at first quite unable to hold my own when thrown into contact with other boys of rougher antecedents. I was nervous and timid. Yet from reading of the people I admired—ranging from the soldiers of Valley Forge, and Morgan's riflemen, to the heroes of my favorite stories—and from hearing of the feats performed by my southern forefathers and kinsfolk, and from knowing my father, I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world, and I had a great desire to be like them. Until I was nearly 14 I let the desire take no more definite shape than day-dreams. Then an incident happened that did me real good. Having an attack of asthma, I was sent off by myself to Moosehead Lake. On the stage coach ride thither I encountered a couple of other boys who were about my own age, but very much more competent and also much more mischievous. I have no doubt they were good-hearted boys, but they were boys! They found that I was a foreordained and predestined victim, and industriously proceeded to make life miserable for me. The worst feature was that when I finally tried to fight them I discovered that either one singly could not only handle me with easy contempt, but handle me so as to hurt me much and yet to prevent my doing any damage whatever in return.

The experience taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position; and having become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would try to supply its place by training. Accordingly, with my father's hearty approval, I started to learn to box. I was a painfully slow and awkward pupil, and certainly worked two or three years before I made any perceptible improvement whatever. My first boxingmaster was John Long, an ex-prize fighter. I can see his rooms now, with colored pictures of the fights between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and Heenan and Sayers, and other great events in the annals of the squared circle. On one occasion, to excite interest among his patrons, he held a series of "championship" matches for the different weights, the prizes being, at least in my own class, pewter mugs of a value, I should suppose, approximately 50 cents. Neither he nor I had any idea that I could do anything, but I was entered in the lightweight contest, in which it happened that I was pitted in succession against a couple of reedy striplings who were even worse than I was. Equally to their surprise and to my own, and to John Long's, I won, and the pewter mug became one of my most prized possessions. I kept it, and alluded to it, and I fear bragged about it, for a number of years, and I only wish I knew where it was now. Years later I read an account of a little man who once in a fifth-rate handicap race won a worthless pewter medal and joyed in it ever after. Well, as soon as I read the story I felt that that little man and I were brothers.

This was, as far as I remember, the only one of my exceedingly rare athletic triumphs which would be worth relating. I did a good deal of boxing and wrestling in Harvard, but never attained to the first rank in either, even at my own weight. Once, in the big contests in the gym, I got either into the finals or semi-finals, I forget which; but aside from this the chief part I played was to act as trial horse for some friend or classmate who did have a chance of distinguishing himself in the championship contests.

I was fond of horseback riding, but I took to it slowly and with difficulty, exactly as with boxing. It was a long time before I became even a respectable rider, and I never got much higher. I mean by this that I never became a first-flight man in the hunting field, and never even approached the bronco-busting class in the west. Any man, if he chooses, can gradually school himself to the requisite nerve, and gradually learn the requisite seat and hands, that will enable him to do respectably across country, or to perform the average work on a ranch Of my ranch experiences I shall speak later. At intervals after leaving college I hunted on Long Island with the Meadowbrook hounds. Almost the only experience I ever had in this connection that was of any interest was on one occasion when I broke my arm. My purse did not permit me to own expensive horses. On this occasion I was riding an animal, a buggy horse originally, which its owner sold because it now and then insisted on thoughtfully lying down in harness. It never did this under the saddle, and when he turned it out to grass it would solemnly hop over the fence and get somewhere where it did not belong. The last trait was what converted it into a hunter. It was a natural jumper, although without any speed. On the hunt in question I got along very well until the pace winded my ex-buggy horse, and it turned a somersault over a fence. When I got on it after the fall I found I could not use my left arm. I supposed it was merely a strain. The buggy horse was a sedate animal which I rode with a snaffle. So we pounded along at the tail of the hunt, and I did not appreciate that my arm was broken for three or four fences. Then we came to a big drop, and the jar made the bones slip past one another so as to throw the hand out of position. It did not hurt me at all, and as the horse was as easy to sit as a rocking chair, I got in at the death.

I think August Belmont was master of the hunt when the above incident occurred. I know he was master on another occasion on which I met with a mild adventure. On one of the hunts when I was out a man was thrown, dragged by one stirrup, and killed. In consequence I bought a pair of safety stirrups, which I used the next time I went out. Within five minutes after the run began I found that the stirrups were so very "safe" that they would not stay in at all. First one went off at one jump, and then the other at another jump—with a fall for me on each occasion. I hated to give up the fun so early, and accordingly finished the run without any stirrups. My horse never went as fast as on that run. Doubtless a first-class horseman can ride as well without stirrups as with them. But I was not a first-class horseman. When anything unexpected happened, I was apt to clasp the solemn buggy horse firmly with my spurred heels, and the result was that he laid himself out to do his best in the way of galloping. He speedily found that, thanks to the snaffle bit, I could not pull him in, so when we came to a down grade he would usually put on steam. Then if there was a fence at the bottom and he checked at all, I was apt to shoot forward, and in such event we went over the fence in a way that reminded me of Leech's picture, in "Punch," of Mr. Tom Noddy and his mare jumping a fence in the following order:

Mr. Tom Noddy, I; his mare, II. However, I got in at the death this time also.

I was fond of walking and climbing. As a lad I used to go to the north woods, in Maine, both in fall and winter. There I made life friends of two men, Will Dow and Bill Sewall; I canoed with them, and tramped through the woods with them, visiting the winter logging camps on snow-shoes. Afterward they were with me in the west. Will Dow is dead. Bill Sewall was collector of customs under me, on the Aroostook border. Except when hunting I never did any mountaineering save for a couple of conventional trips up the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau on one occasion when I was in Switzerland.

I never did much with the shotgun, but I practiced a good deal with the rifle. I had a rifle range at Sagamore Hill, where I often took friends to shoot. Once or twice when I was visited by parties of released Boer prisoners, after the close of the South African War, they and I held shooting matches together. The best man with both pistol and rifle who ever shot there was Stewart Edward White. Among the many other good men was a stanch friend, Baron Speck von Sternberg, afterwards German ambassador at Washington during my presidency. He was a capital shot, rider, and walker, a devoted and most efficient servant of Germany, who had fought with distinction in the Franco-German War when barely more than a boy; he was the hero of the story of "the pig dog" in Archibald Forbes' volume of reminiscences. It was he who first talked over with me the raising of a regiment of horse riflemen from among the ranchmen and cowboys of the plains. When ambassador, the poor, gallant, tender-hearted fellow was dying of slow and painful disease, so that he could not play with the rest of us, but the agony of his mortal illness never in the slightest degree interfered with his work. Among the other men who shot and rode and walked with me was Cecil Spring-Rice, who has just been appointed British ambassador to the United States. He was my groomsman, my best man, when I was married—at St. George's, Hanover Square, which made me feel as if I were living in one of Thackeray's novels.

My own experience as regards marksmanship was much the same as my experience as regards horsemanship. There are men whose eye and hand are so quick and so sure that they achieve a perfection of marksmanship to which no practice will enable ordinary men to attain. There are other men who cannot learn to shoot with any accuracy at all. In between come the mass of men of ordinary abilities who, if they choose resolutely to practice, can by sheer industry and good judgment make themselves fair rifle shots. The men who show this requisite industry and judgment can without special difficulty raise themselves to the second class of respectable rifle shots; and it is to this class that I belong. But to have reached this point of marksmanship with rifle at a target by no means implies ability to hit game in the field, especially dangerous game. All kinds of other qualities in addition to skill with the rifle enter into being a good soldier. With dangerous game, after a fair degree of efficiency with the rifle has been attained, the prime requisites are cool judgment and that kind of nerve which consists in avoiding being rattled. Any beginner is apt to have "buck fever," and therefore no beginner should go at dangerous game.

Buck fever means a state of intense nervous excitement which may be entirely divorced from timidity. It may affect a man the first time he has to speak to a large audience just as it affects him the first time he sees a buck or goes into battle. What such a man needs is not courage but nerve control, cool-headedness. This he can get only by actual practice. He must, by custom and repeated exercise of self-mastery, get his nerves thoroughly under control. This is largely a matter of habit, in the sense of repeated effort and repeated exercise of will power. If the man has the right stuff in him, his will grows stronger and stronger with each exercise of it—and if he has not the right stuff in him he had better keep clear of dangerous game hunting, or indeed of any other form of sport or work in which there is bodily peril.

After he has achieved the ability to exercise wariness and judgment and the control over his nerves which will make him shoot as well at the game as at a target, he can begin his essays at dangerous game hunting, and he will then find that it does not demand such abnormal prowess as the outsider is apt to imagine. A man who can hit a soda water bottle at the distance of a few yards can brain a lion or a bear or an elephant at that distance, and if he cannot brain it when it charges he can at least bring it to a standstill. All he has to do is to shoot as accurately as he would at a soda water bottle and to do this requires nerve, at least as much as it does physical address. Having reached this point, the hunter must not imagine that he is warranted in taking desperate chances. There are degrees in proficiency; and what is a warrantable and legitimate risk for a man to take when he has reached a certain grade of efficiency may be a foolish risk for him to take before he has reached that grade. A man who has reached the degree of proficiency indicated above is quite warranted in walking in at a lion at bay, in an open plain, to, say, within a hundred yards. If the lion has not charged, the man ought at that distance to knock him over and prevent his charging; and if the lion is already charging, the man ought at that distance to be able to stop him. But the amount of prowess which warrants a man in relying on his ability to perform this feat does not by any means justify him in thinking that, for instance, he can crawl after a wounded lion into thick cover. I have known men of indifferent prowess to perform this latter feat successfully, but at least as often they have been unsuccessful, and in these cases the result has been unpleasant.

The man who habitually follows wounded lions into thick cover must be a hunter of the highest skill, or he can count with certainty on an ultimate mauling.

(To be continued.)

Taking a Virginia Fence

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"Any man, if he chooses, can gradually school himself so as to do respectably 'cross country ring."

HE COMES UP SMILING

By CHARLES SHERMAN.

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The Watermelon filled his glass and raised it. "To Billy," said he.

"To Billy's happiness," amended Bartlett.

Maine is a prohibition state, but the Watermelon had been there before and knew just where and how to obtain what he was looking for. With the bottle in his pocket, he sought the beach and made his way up it to some secluded place where he could drink in peace and out of the heat of the sun. A sea-gull flew wheeling gracefully by to the distant cliffs, the waves, long, purring, foam-flecked, ran indolently up the gleaming sands, broke with a gurgling splash of seaweed and tumbled stones and ran back to meet the next one. The ocean stretched limitless before him, and behind him rose rocks, hiding him completely from the sight of land. With a grunt of dissatisfaction, he sat down and drew the cork of the whisky bottle.

As the day advanced, the sun crept around the headland until it streamed unchecked upon the Watermelon, sprawled, drunk and warm and dirty in the lee of the rocks. The combined heat of the sun and the poison he had in him, called by courtesy whisky, grew unbearable, and he rose in drunken majesty to find some cooler place. The sun would soon have thrown long shadows on the beach, but the Watermelon could not wait for that. He must get cool at once, and in the waves splashing, gurgling, laughing, breaking at his very feet, he found a suggestion. Where could one get cool if not in the sea itself? A steam yacht far away like a streak of white, was seen creeping slowly landto undress, solemnly, stubbornly, with the one thought to get cool.

The yacht, Mary Gloucester, was a gay little bark, all ivory white and shining brass work. A brightly striped awning covered the deck, there were large, comfortable chairs, with many colored pillows and ribbons and canvas, and daintily arranged tables to assuage one's thirst and offer cooling bodily comfort on a hot day.

The Mary Gloucester was named after a poem of Kipling's, and her owner was explaining this fact, ensconced gracefully, if solidly, in a many cushioned chair, her feet a bit awkwardly on the rest before her, a fan in one hand, and a small, fat, white, woolly dog on her lap, his fore feet on the railing, his mouth open and his tiny red tongue flapping moistly from between his teeth.

"Whom do you love the more," asked Bertie Van Baalen, "Kipling or this angel child?" and Bertie sought to pull one fluffy white ear near his hand. But the little dog snarled angrily and snapped sharply at the hastily withdrawn fingers.

"Ah, the duckems, naughty man shan't tease him," crooned the lady, slapping at Bertie with the fan, while the little dog turned again to the sea.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Armitage," said Henry Bliven solemnly, "Tell us, truthfully, whom do you love the better, Kipling or the blessed duckems?"

"Do not hesitate or seek to spare either of their feelings," urged Bertie.

Mrs. Armitage laughted, fat, contented, placid. "Oh, you silly boys, comparing a poet and a dog, a blessed little doggie."

"I know it's hard on the dog," agreed Henry, gracefully launching a smoke wreath upward from his fat, red lips, moist like a baby's. "No dog would care to be compared with a thing so far beneath him as a poet, but all the same, are you a sport or an intellect?"

"An intellect?" questioned the lady, wrinkling her brows and gazing puzzled at the youth in the chair beside her.

"Are you, in other words," explained Henry, "of intellectual or sporting tendencies?"

"Think," warned Bertie, "before you answer. Kipling, a great poet, author of sentiments that will stir mankind for all ages, sentiments that will ennoble, strengthen—"

"Do you know," confessed the widow with the gleeful naivete of a child, "I like Kipling because he is so bad. He says such wicked things." She nodded and glanced audaciously from one youth to the other.

Henry reached wearily for his glass on the table beside him and Bertie Van Baalen sighed heavily. "You women! You make us bad. Don't you know you do? You want us bad, so we are—anything to please you beauteous creatures."

"I don't want you men bad, just poets," explained the widow, fanning herself slowly, cheerfully.

Henry waved the digression aside. "Now, tell us frankly, truthfully, black and blue, cross your heart, do you prefer a small, dyspeptic, overfed, snapping bundle of cotton wool which is, for the sake of euphemism, called a dog, to one of the greatest minds of the day?"

"Yes," said Bertie. "Suppose we sat here now, and you had the blessed angel, mother's pet, and one volume of Kipling complete, the only book of his in the world, and the only one there ever could be, the only book in which we could hand on to our children and our children's children such sublime thoughts, the only book, mind you, and if you had to throw one or the other overboard, a piece of sticking plaster or the greatest poet of modern times, which would it be?"

"If I threw my blessed pet over, would you go after him, Bertie?" demanded the widow, to whose mind a question of grave import had just presented itself. "Henry, would you?" You know how I love my dainty little kitty kit, would you save him from cruel death for me? For my sake?"

"No harm," said Henry with feeling, "shall befall the angel child while I live to protect it—her—him."

"For your sake," said Bertie, "I would die."

"Then," said the widow placidly, "I would sacrifice my own for the sake of posterity. For you would rescue him for me and you wouldn't an old book."

"Ah, no," protested Bertie, "that was

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Still More Work for Explorers

THE terrible fate of Capt. Scott and his brave companions, whose memories will remain forever green, though their bodies lie amid frozen whiteness, reminds us, says Answers of London, of the many unexplored territories which have yet to receive the impress of a human foot and, doubtless, their toll of heroic victims.

On a rough estimate about 7,000,000 square miles, or one-eighth of the total land surface of the world, are waiting to be discovered. Some 200,000 square miles of this lie in the Arctic regions of the north, but among the frozen tracts that form Antartic in the south, where Scott and his gallant followers were penetrating, nearly 3,000,000 square miles are relegated to the sole use of whales, seals, penguins, petrels and other animal and bird inhabitants of frozen homes.

It is true that human habitation could never be formed in such climes as these, but the scientific world is ever eager for the discoveries of explorers, and even among uninhabited districts their work is never wasted.

In Arabia there exists a tract of unexplored country nearly five times as large as Great Britain. It stretches from Mecca almost to the southeast coast and is called Dahkna, or "The Dwelling of the Void." Probably no more desolate waste is to be found in the globe, for not a single river is estimated to flow throughout its entire 400,000 square miles. Imagine Germany and France combined, without river or stream, and you will gain some idea of the parched condition of Dahkna.

Some authorities state that the whole desert is not worth the price of a good Malacca cane. Others give credence to the legend that treasures and hidden cities lie in the heart of the sands.

Of quite a different character are the enormous mountain fastnesses of South America, which lie along the upper Amazon and in the districts of Colombia and Peru. The celebrated treasure of Cuzco lies secreted among the Peruvian heights. Impenetrable forest, mountain jungles and innumerable fever spreading rivers hold the most intrepid adventurers at bay. During recent years over a dozen expeditions have been either wholly or partially wiped out in their efforts to wrestle with these regions.

Although the famous El Dorado, which set the sixteenth century ablaze, has never been unearthed, the country generally might fittingly be called El Dorado from the rich minerals and priceless stones emanating therefrom.

Strange wild eyed men descend occasionally from the mountains, bringing wonderful fragments with them. But they refuse to act as guides to those who would accompany them back.

It is curious to realize that vast portions of our own empire have never been seen by British eyes or the eyes of any white men. Nearly a quarter of Australia is still unexplored, mainly in the west, where the population averages only one person in about every 20 square miles. According to this basis, England's total population would work out at 2,500 and the Isle of Wight's 7½.

New Guinea has baffled countless expeditions, though many are still trying to fight their way inland from the coast. Despite the fact that the interior of this island is practically a geographical blank it is neatly divided on the maps between Britain, Germany and Holland. Among its products are birds of paradise, spices and cannibals.

Long Ballot System

AN important incidental consideration favoring the short ballot is the great reduction of expense which could be effected by reducing the number of elections. A bulletin recently issued by the Chicago Bureau of Public Efficiency shows that since 1885 the cost of elections in Cook county has advanced steadily from $199,888.41 to $684,769.18. In the evennumbered years six election events occur, including city primaries in February, registration days in March, city election in April, general primaries in April, registration days in October and general election in November.

By way of constructive suggestion the report has this to say:

"The principal way to reduce election expenses is to lessen the number of primaries and elections. . . .

"When city and judicial primaries are considered, the case for complete abolition is clear. The money spent upon such primaries is worse than wasted.

"It is pretty generally agreed that partisanship in the selection of judicial and municipal officials is an evil. Apart from the question of their cost, therefore, it would be better if party primaries for the nomination of candidates for judicial aand municipal offices should be made by petition only, and party columns and party designations should be eliminated from the election ballot.

"Abolishing primaries for municipal and judicial elections would mean doing away with one city primary in Chicago every year and two judicial primaries in a six-year period, or eight primaries in six years.

Abe Martin

Lafe Bud expects t' have enough coupons by th' first o' May t' git a fountain pen, after which he'll be at liberty.

For Sale—Hatpin Protectors.

In Stockholm the street car conductors sell hatpin protectors for a cent apiece to all women who wish to buy. The implements do not protect the hatpin. They are fastened to the point and prevent a hatpin from doing damage to the person or property of men and women sitting or standing nearby.

HOW THE ARMY FIGHTS FIRES

PERHAPS the low percentage of fires in the army is directly due to the fact that guard duty is never suspended.

In daylight and dark, during peace or in time of war, armed sentries walk their posts scattered everywhere over the garrisons. Falling asleep while on guard is a serious offense. Therefore the guards are always alert. Never is sentry mounted on a post without a caution to look out for fires.

One of the first charges in a guard's general orders is one in which he is cautioned to keep a sharp watch for fire. His first duty, in case a building is occupied by humanity, is to warn the occupants. Next he turns in a general alarm. And when fire call is blown by the trumpeter at the main guardhouse every male member of the garrison, except the guard, is compelled to hurry to the scene of the fire, no matter where he is, and no matter how he is dressed.

It is not necessary that a man should be in regulation uniform to respond to a fire call. Military fires do not wait for antagonists in full dress parade costume, any more than city fires procrastinate while the members of the department make careful toilets.

Once a week, sometimes oftener, in every military garrison, large or small, throughout the country, and there are several hundred at home and in our possessions, a fire drill is held. Not a soul save the commanding officer is advised of what hour of the day or on what day of the week a fire call will be blown. As fires do not give warning of their coming, writes Monroe Woolley in Insurance Engineering, it is obviously advantageous that a fire drill should be as uncertain.

When the fire call goes, either for drill or for a fight for life and property, the soldiers rush out of their quarters, leave their posts in the company kitchens, and on the drill grounds picking up fire buckets and fire axes as they go in the race for the fire station. Some may be hatless, some coatless and other shirtless. But it is an honor to be among the first to take hold of the fire equipment.

All the officers dash for the firehouse, too, and the highest ranking officer present assumes the duties of fire chief. A run is made with chemical engines and hand-drawn hose carts and hook-and-ladder trucks for a building designated as the scene of the fire. When the equipment is out for a fire drill the men take advantage of the occasion and play water on the windows of buildings, giving them a good cleaning.

The amount of fire-fighting apparatus furnished the posts by the government for their protection is regulated, of course, entirely by the size and needs of each post.

Printed Reply for Beggars.

London Mail.

Athelstane Corderoy, a resident of Tiverton, has directed that every beggar who calls at his house shall be given a printed card bearing the following:

"In response to your appeal for alms, I have made arrangements with the relieving officer, 5, Eastview, Chapel street, to attend to your case.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper.

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes anyone so.

But thousands of irritable, nervous, tired and broken-down women have restored their health and strength by the use of Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

Swamp-Root brings new life and activity to the kidneys, the cause of such troubles.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, may address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and receive sample bottle free by mail. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

He Comes Up Smiling

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

not our proposition. Neither the book nor the latest thing in worstea—"

There was a splash, a gurgle and a horrified scream from the window, as with a sudden lurch of the boat, the little dog lost his balance and fell overboard.

"Oh, my precious, my lamb," cried the widow. "Bertie, save him for me."

"Yes, yes," declared Bertie, hanging over the rail and watching the struggling dog in the water below. "Yes, yes, certainly."

"Henry," pleaded the widow. "If you love me—"

"Trust me," said Henry soothingly, hiding a gleam of satisfaction in his mild blue eyes. "I will have the boat stopped."

The widow's daughter and chaperone appeared in the companionway, flushed and sleepy. "Mama, what is the matter?"

"Caroline, my precious lamb," and the widow motioned dramatically seaward. "Henry, you said—"

"I will," said Henry, "I will have the boat stopped."

"I will do that," cried the widow. "You jump overboard and save him."

Caroline yawned and raised her soft white hands to her tumbled hair. "Do save him, Bertie, I'm not equal to the task of comforting mama, just now."

Bertie looked at his immaculate yachting clothes and hesitated.

"Ah, you do not love me," cried the widow. "Oh, my baby, my own."

"I love you so," said Bertie solemnly, "I refuse to leave you in your grief even for a moment."

A long white arm shot over the crest of a tumbled wave and was followed by a man's head and long, thin body. The man swam well and quickly and was making straight for the now swimming dog.

"A rescue, a rescue," cried Henry, and added softly to himself, "Oh, poppycock!"

CHAPTER XXV.

As He Said He Would.

The widow leaned far over the side. "Oh," she said, "the man is naked."

"As truth," agreed Bertie, "You might retire, you know."

"I won't look," promised the widow, turning her back and peering over her shoulder. "But is he near my lamb now? Will he, can he save him?"

"Unfortunately, yes, mama," said Caroline.

Bertie and Henry leaned over the rail and watched the rescue, the long, easy strokes of the swimmer and the amusement on his face as a wave carried the struggling dog within reach and he grabbed the little woolly back.

"Saved!" cried Bertie, and turned just in time to grab Mrs. Armitage, who was also turning to see over the rail, by her fat shoulders and whirl her around again. "Safe, dear lady, but look the other way. Our hero is clothed in the sea-foam of his own nobility, nothing else."

Henry was already disappearing down the companionway, the yacht was stopping and the crew standing by on the lower deck to lend assistance to rescued and rescuer.

The evening was warm and sultry. What little breeze there had been during the day had gone down with the sun, while the ocean heaved and moaned in long green swells and ran softly whispering up the beach and splashed against the rocks with hardly a flake of foam. The sun, sinking behind the hills, cast long orange and pink streaks across the waves, and turned the small white clouds overhead a dainty, rosy mass of drifting color.

Bartlett and Billy strolled down the winding street of the little seaside town, out on the pier and stood idly waiting for the evening mail boat to arrived. Henrietta and the general were coming on the evening boat to spend the autumn in a small cottage which the general was pleased to call his "shooting box." But Bartlett's pleasure at seeing Henrietta once more was mingled with worry and uneasiness over Billy and the Watermelon. He smoked thoughtfully and watched Billy warily, tenderly. She leaned against a pile and gazed over the vast unrest of the ocean to the distant horizon, with dreaming, unfathomable eyes. Bartlett knew of whom she was thinking, whom waiting for more and more eagerly every day now as August drew to a close, and still he did not come. But this evening he had come, he was in the same neighborhood, drunk and probably hungry. When they met, as they must and that shortly, would he make a scene, become loud-mouthed, foul, abusive? It would be hard on Billy, and Bartlett wished vainly that he could spare her. But it was best that she should know, should understand fully and with a sudden quick cut it would be over with, the June madness when one is young and pretty and care-free. Billy would read her folly in the bleared eyes of a shiftless fool. Yet the boy was clever in getting out of a tight place, and Bartlett admired cleverness intensely, not being slow himself when it came to a hard bargain. The boy had gentle blood in his veins, too, more's the pity. It was simply a case of a good family gone to seed. Poor little Billy and her puppy love! A most unfortunate affair—the whole, mistaken, unhappy business!

"There comes the Mary Gloucester," said Billy, breaking into his thoughts. She nodded toward the yacht, steaming majestically around the headland, pennons gaily waving and the bright awning a splash of color in the afterglow.

"The Mary Gloucester," chuckled Bartlett. "That woman hasn't the sense of her ugly little poodle dog."

"I know," said Billy, "that is why I have always been so afraid of her."

"Why afraid of her?"

"For a mother," explained Billy, unfortunately, but characteristically saying the wrong thing.

Bartlett flushed. "You just admitted that she was a fool. Do you think I would marry that kind of a woman?"

"Men always do," said Billy. "A fool's bad enough, but a fool and money are simply irresistible."

"You know too much for your age," said Bartlett coldly.

"I don't exactly know it," blundered Billy. "I just see it."

"Billy, have you ever seen me—"

"Yes, father. That night in the pavilion at the Ainsleys'—"

"That will do, Billy."

Billy was hurt. "I don't mean to be nasty, father; but you asked me—"

"There comes the mail boat," interrupted Bartlett firmly.

Billy looked at it and sighed. It was the last of August and Jeroboam Martin had not come. Had he forgotten her in two short months?

Bartlett laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder. "Forget him, girlie. He's not worthy of you."

"He said he would come," whispered Billy.

"If he doesn't, dear, you have me. We have stood together through everything for 18 years and will stand, still, eh, Billy?"

Billy bent her head and rubbed her cheek against the hand on her shoulder with a half laugh and a half sob.

With the first sight of the smoke on the horizon, heralding the approach of the principal event of the day, the arrival of the evening mail, a crowd had begun to gather, the usual motley crowd of a summer resort on the coast. Townspeople hung indifferently on the outskirts, while the summer visitors, in dainty dresses and baggy trousers, sun-burnt, jovial, indefatigable, pressed to the front. The hum of talk and laughter grew as the crowd grew, good-natured, meaningless chatter. The sight of the Mary Gloucester, steaming gracefully into port, was greeted with a gay flutter of handkerchiefs and straw hats, and Billy and Bartlett, standing where the yacht would dock, were soon the center of the laughing, merry crowd, ready and eager to welcome home the stout widow, her unfortunate chaperon and the two "supplements," as a village wag called the fat Henry and the slim Bertie.

As the yacht drew nearer, the widow's corpulent form was seen by the rail, on one side a tall youth, and on the other, two, side by side and apparently in no very good humor.

"Three, by George," cried Blatts, a prosperous brewer from Milwaukee. "She left here with two and returns with three. Where did she get him, Bartlett?"

But Bartlett did not answer, did not hear. The gang-plank had been lowered and he was watching in numb fascination, the tall youth walking beside the widow, her ridiculous dog in his arms. It was Jeroboam Martin in an immaculate white suit of Bertie's. His hat was off and his hair, after the swim, gleamed soft and yellow. For the sake of the widow upon whose boat he found himself, he had shaved as well as he could with Henry's razor, and while his cheeks were smooth enough, he still wore a small yellow mustache and goatee. Both were brushed until they shone like his hair and they lent a fascinating and distinctly foreign air to his long, thin, clever face. In his arms was the little dog, with its enormous bow of sky-blue ribbon.

Bartlett wondered if he were going mad and seeing things that were not so. At 2, or thereabouts, he had seen Martin, dirty, shabby, tired, and had given him money on which to get drunk. At 7, a yacht, which had not been in Westhaven for over a week, carefully deposits the youth, clean, fresh, well dressed at his very side. Was he mad?

Billy, too, had seen, but did not wonder. She knew he was a tramp, for he had said he was, but she never thought of him or pictured him other than well dressed, well cared for, gently blase and a bit languid. She looked at him now over the heads of the intervening crowd and her heart did not question how he came there, only rushed out to him with the gladness in her eyes, the joyous smile on her parted lips. He had said he would come, and there he was. Further she did not question. Their eyes met over the heads of the people, eager questioning in his, joyful answer in hers.

Hastily he dropped the pup with the sky-blue bow upon the wharf, among the plebeian feet there assembled, and reaching Billy's side through the crowd grabbed both small hands and stood laughing down at her.

"Billy," he whispered, "Oh, you Billy."

There was, there must be some explanation. Bartlett told himself desperately. It could not be that this was not Martin? Bartlett had not slept with the youth for nearly a week without being pretty familiar with the long lank form, the thin, careless face. And it was equally impossible that the forlorn piece of humanity who had stood that afternoon in the drawing-room and inquired for Billy was not Martin. They were one and the same and once more he and Billy had met on equal footing. To ask the boy again to get drunk was an absurdity.

"I suppose I can give him a job where he won't have much more to do than draw his pay," thought Bartlett, hopelessly, dazedly.

The Watermelon dropped Billy's hands and turned to her father in well bred greeting, but their eyes met and in the Watermelon's was grim defiance. He had seen Billy, again and nothing could part them now. All his humility and repentance had gone, and in their place was his old time arrogance and sublime self assurance. Fate in the form of a little white dog had brought him and Billy together again, with the Watermelon, still clean, still well dressed, and to all outward appearances the same as the other gay youths of Billy's acquaintance. With head up, jaw shut, he scorned to lower himself for any one. He would prove himself worthy, not unworthy of Billy. Out of his repentance had grown his manhood. He was no nameless hobo of the great army of the unemployed. He was Jeroboam Martin, son of the late Reverend Mr. Martin, in temporary financial embarrassment that could soon be remedied. He would work for Billy and they would be happy on his wages. He drew himself up and held out his hand. Bartlett could take it or not as he pleased. The Watermelon had sought or desired no man's favor, and Jeroboam Martin would not stoop to do so.

For one second the two stared at each other grimly, square jaws shut, lips unsmiling, then Bartlett's hand shot forth and he clasped the Watermelon's.

"Ah, Martin," said he, "how are you, boy?"

And still holding him by the hand, he patted the Watermelon on his arm, jovially. After all he liked the boy, and right or wrong, wise or foolish, fate was against any other action, fate in the form of a half drowned poodle dog.

The Watermelon rested his arm on Bartlett's shoulder with boyish affection. "Say, Bartlett," said he in a low voice, "I got drunk, honest to rights. But it was so blamed hot, I cooled off in the ocean before I knew what I was about and that sobered me up again. Then I saw something fall from the yacht and I thought it was a kid from the noise they were making, not just a pup. I swam out to help and of course they hauled me on board, and now the widow is planning to marry me."

Bartlett roared. "Say, boy, er—er—maybe you need a loan until I can see about that job for you."

Once more their eyes met and this time in complete and tender accord.

"You're all right," whispered the Watermelon, his face softening. "And don't you worry about Billy," he added, "I'll take care of her."

THE END.

Did you like "The Danger Trail," the serial story printed in the Blade some time ago? If so, you will enjoy "Philip Steele," another of James Oliver Curwood's great stories. The opening chapters will begin in next week's issue. Don't miss this tale.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

Will somebody please tell me what to do to remove warts from a calf? It is a yearling.—L., Catawba, W. Va.

How can one tell the age of a horse by his teeth? I would like to have the subject fully explained.—R., Yale, Ill.

Will somebody who has had experience tell me how to get a stand of alfalfa? Can it be grown in West Virginia? My farm is located in the coal belt on the east slope of the Great Flattop mountains. The soil I want to use is a sandy loam.—C., Camp Creek, W. Va.

Can anyone tell me how ozone is used in the process of refrigeration, as mentioned in The Blade a few weeks ago? I am anxious to find out.—S., Hickory, N. C.

I wish somebody would tell me what to do for a cow that has cowpox on the teats.—S., Cosmopolis, Wash.

Please tell me if I can line a brick tank with concrete or any other substance, so that it will do to make vinegar in and keep until we can sell it?—Mrs. D., Edgerton, Ohio.

Teaching the Calf.

To teach the calf to drink milk put your fingers in its mouth, and when it sucks them hold them in the milk and the little rascal will soon learn to drink without the fingers.—K., Lewiston, Me.

For Gapes.

B., Ruby, W. Va.: You say your chickens have the gapes every year. So did mine until we remodeled our buildings, necessitating plowing and grading oru large lawn. That was six years ago. Have never had a case of gapes since.—Mrs. C., Meadville, Pa.

To the poultry woman whose chicks always have gapes, I would recommend that she give them plenty of sour milk in pans an inch deep four times a week. This is a preventive, if not a cure.—Mrs. M., Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Gapes is caused by parasites or worms in the windpipe. The number is sometimes so large as to choke the bird. More commonly they cause inflammation and difficulty of breathing. Some poultrymen remove these worms. A feather moistened with spirits of turpentine may be turned about in the windpipe until the worms are removed. —Farmstead Editor.

More About Blackhead.

Ed. Farmstead—In your issue of April 10th were two letters from subscribers relating to blackhead in turkeys. Now, as I have had considerable experience with this disease in my flock, and in fact nearly lost them all two years in succession, I thought perhaps some one might benefit by that experience. The Agricultural College at Ft. Collins gave me their remedy, which was to be put in water for the turks to drink, but I found that it had to be kept in their drinking water all the time, and as my fowls could get to running water it did not benefit them as much as it might otherwise have done. I went back to the college and told them my difficulties and was told to get Abbott's Sulphocarbolates Compound and use as directed. I had the same trouble, as the turkeys could still get to running water. By this time I found that if a turk had a well developed case of blackhead he would neither eat nor drink, and so when I noticed one who did not eat his rations with the others I had him caught at once and placed in a pen by himself. I then broke off a piece of sulphocarbolate tablet about the size of a very small sweet pea and made a pill of it with moist bread crumbs or cottage cheese and forced the turk to swallow it. This I did two or three times a day, according to how bad the case was. I never lost a turkey after I tried this method, although I remember one that went 10 days without either eating or drinking as far as I knew.—Mrs. H., La Porte, Colo.

LIVE STOCK

Interfering Horses.

If your horse interferes forward it is practically a hopeless proposition; if behind, lower the outside of the foot; place the toe calk well around the inside, and if that does not do raise him on the inside with a shoe that will throw the ankle out and allow him to get by with the other foot. This plan is generally effective with the cow-hocked kind that toe out and strike the opposite leg with the heel.

Horses that stand differently, with hock wide apart and feet close together, have sometimes to be shod in the opposite way. Always put the leeching as high as possible on the horses that strike themselves. They generally do it going down hill, and a low leeching brings their quarters together. The best cure for leeching is to get them fat and strong, and the fuller they become in the quarters the less liable they will be to hit themselves.

Shoe horses with weak ankles behind and those that are knuckled with high heeled calks. If you own a pacer that crossfires—that is, strikes the right forward foot with the opposite hind foot, and vice versa—try lowering the inside of the hind feet, which will tend to straighten his stride after the foot leaves the ground. Pacers may be balanced with much shorter toes forward than trotters.

Managing Sheep.

In managing a flock of sheep it should be remembered that a variety of food is indispensable. When they are on succulent feed they should have daily access to dry roughage; when they are on dry feed they should have occasional access to something succulent. A little attention to this important matter will prevent loss from indigestion, which has probably caused greater losses among farmers' flocks than any other ailment.

A word of caution may not be out of place in this connection. Turning hungry sheep on wet rye is very likely to result in bloating. Therefore, if the sheep do not have constant access to the rye field, be sure that their appetites are fairly well satisfied and that all dew and rain drops are dried off before the sheep are turned in. It was shown by the sheep fattening experiments at Lethbridge during the winter of 1911-12 that hay and wheat screenings make an excellent ration for fattening sheep and lambs.

The present is a favorable time to secure foundation stock, because they can still be purchased at moderate prices. The sheep ranches of Alberta and the western states are reducing their herds because of scarcity of pasture and the large numbers going to market are keeping prices at a low level; but once this reduction of herds stops prices will rise. They will probably not soar as have the prices of cattle and horses, because the frozen mutton of Australia and New Zealand will be drawn on to prevent excessively high prices, but the trade that refuses to accept the frozen articles is sufficiently large to permit of a material advance in mutton prices, and this advance is sure to take place as soon as the big ranges have been depleted.

THE DAIRY

Milk Odors.

The absorption of odors from the air is a common occurrence. So far as I know none of the odors absorbed is beneficial. Milk, cream and butter absorb odors very readily, but cheese very slowly. On account of this characteristic it is necessary at all times to guard against exposing milk to any odor. This means that the barn and surroundings must be free from odors.

The effect of bacteria, however, is far more important than the absorption of odors. These odors may usually be driven off at 130 to 170 degrees by heating the milk.

Any feed which is given to the cow may give a flavor to the milk if it has a marked taste. Onions, turnips, green rye and certain weeds are the best known examples. We can understand how these feeds affect the milk more clearly by considering what happens when a person eats onions. For about an hour after eating onions there is no noticeable effect, then the breath begins to smell of onions and the taste of onions is in the mouth. The odor from the breath comes from the onion products coming into the mouth with the saliva. The entire circulation is filled with the volatile products from the onion, and they pass out with every excretion and secretion.

The same thing happens when a cow is given a feed with a strong odor or taste. As soon as it is digested it passes into every secretion, including the milk. By thinking of these facts we can see that a feed liable to give a taste to the milk should be fed immediately before milking so that it will not have time to be digested, or at once after milking so that it will have time to get out of the body before another milking.

If a cow is sick—has indigestion, for example—the milk may have an objectionable odor or taste, which has been absorbed by the circulation from the alimentary canal. Clean milk from a healthy cow has no "cowy" odor or animal odor, as is fully believed by many dairymen. The so-called animal odor comes from either dirt in the milk or from an unhealthy animal.

Any taste or odor that milk has when freshly milked is due to one of the causes mentioned. But it should be further understood that any odor or taste not present in the fresh milk, but developed later, does not come from the cow nor her feed.

For example, if milk becomes slimy or bitter, or smells bad after standing some time, do not lay it on the cow unless it has the same condition when freshly milked. Taints from the feed are driven off almost entirely by heating the milk. The smell of onions or turnips may be removed almost entirely by this means. In some localities, especially in the South Atlantic states, milk is often pasteurized with this object alone in view.

Under usual conditions this source of tastes and odors is of comparatively little importance. As a rule the cow produces milk pure, and the responsibility for the many troubles that appear in handling should be placed where it belongs—on the person handling the milk.—C. H. Eckles in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

THE GARDEN

Growing Vegetables.

The bean weevil is an insect that deposits an egg in the young tender bean by pushing his ovipositor through the pod when it is young and tender; this hatches into a worm and develops into a bug by the time the bean is gathered in for winter. The parent weevil dies after leaving its young progeny in the bean, and when you plant the bean the next spring it comes forth and repeats the process.

The secret of avoiding this weevil is to plant the bean just late enough so it will ripen before frost. In this way the weevil has done its work on early planted beans, but will not get yours, for he is gone before the young beans form in the pods here in western Pennsylvania.

I plant the white kidney and Davis wax, which I prefer for shell beans to the navy bean, from the middle of June to the first of July, and never have any weevil. South of this latitude they should be planted later, and farther north earlier. Our frosts average about September 20, so make your calculations to have two and one-half to three months for the beans to grow before killing frosts. The moon has nothing to do with the matter. Some people plant in the right season and then think the moon does it.

An old lady who had poor soil once told me why she couldn't raise cucumbers and had "false blossoms," etc. She had always planted in the wrong sign of the moon. Next week Wednesday the sign would be right. Mine were already planted in the wrong sign, so we were to test the matter. Well, that fall she had no cucumbers, as usual, and I gave her a whole wheelbarrow load.

Pumpkins, melons, squash or cucumbers never have a "false blossom" on them. There are male and female blossoms. The female blossom for any of the above always shows the young fruit at the base before the blossom opens. The so-called "false blossom' is the male flower that furnishes the pollen to fertilize the fruit, and the reason there are about ten male blossoms to one female is that the insects may in gathering honey from the blossom get enough pollen on their legs to inoculate the pistil of the female blossom, which has on it a sticky substance that dissolves the pollen and makes sure of the fruit. Occasionally you will find what is called a "tonguetied" cucumber, crooked. Cut it crosswise and you will find all but one row of seeds were fertilized and the row that was not did not grow, but pulled the cucumber around to one side. Where cucumbers are raised in greenhouses there are no insects to carry this pollen in midwinter, so the gardener takes a camel's hair brush, finds the female blossom, then gathers some of the pollen from the male blossom and applies it, and the fruit is sure to grow; otherwise the embryo cucumber would turn yellow and drop off. Last year we lost over a hundred dollars on melons by a wet, cold spell through July, causing few blossoms to mature and a scarcity of insects to carry pollen. A. Grenville, Pa.

POULTRY

What Trap Nests Do.

We have often heard farmers say that the trap nest is of no advantage to a farmer, as it requires "too much bother" to operate. We have also heard the statement that the trap nest was made for the city crank to use and no value outside of keeping the city chicken crank occupied.

But such is not the case. The trap nest does have a work to perform that vitally concerns every farmer or chicken raiser in this country. It may take a little work to operate them successfully, but when you take into consideration the fact that there is nothing accomplished in the world without hard labor the work of operating trap nests seems trivial indeed.

The writer has just completed a series of experiments with the trap nest that have revealed some startling facts. This series of experiments has proved conclusively the value of the trap nest, not only to the city fancier, but to the farmer as well.

We were surprised to find, with the aid of the trap nest, that there were a few drones in our flock. The surprising thing about it was that the very hens we considered good layers according to all the rules laid down for judging a good layer from appearance, were not layers at all. They laid eggs occasionally, but not in sufficient quantities to make them profitable. It was the general rule that the smallest ugliest, worst looking hens were the heavy layers. According to the method of culling a flock by sight these would have been the very hens that would have been culled out. This proves that human judgment, or rather human guesswork, is a mighty poor guide in culling out a flock of layers. Don't ever believe for one moment that you can tell a layer "at sight." You can't do it.

The trap nest is not only of immense value to every farmer in culling out the drones, but it offers a great opportunity for building up flocks of heavy layers. You may think it rather out of the ordinary to hear the statement that must breed for a heavy layer with the same care as that taken to produce good show birds. But it is a fact just the same. Did you ever hear of a single famous race horse that was the result of haphazard breeding? It takes selection and careful breeding to produce a good specimen in any tribe of the animal kingdom.

After the trap nest points out the good layers in the flock to you, you can take these heavy layers, place them in a separate pen and breed them to a good cock bird. The offspring (not all of them, remember), but the majority of them, will retain the same heavy egg laying ability of the original mothers. You will now have a good foundation upon which to build up a heavy egg strain. For the very best results in handing down special ability from generation to generation you should breed in line. Breeding in line means a scientific method of inbreeding.

Cross breeding, which is the method commonly employed on the average farm, will destroy individuality every time and should not be practiced where you desire to build up a strain of layers.

The trap nest also affords the opportunity of keeping the eggs from a certain hen separate from those of the rest of the flock. If this hen is an especially good specimen her eggs may be incubated separately. In this way you can keep an accurate record of the line of descent of every one of the birds on your farm. If you have a single hen that has laid a good many eggs in one year, say 250 or more, you can keep her eggs separate, incubate them and mark the chicks. You will then know exactly which of the chicks are her sons and daughters. This is of great advantage in establishing blood lines in building up flocks.

One of the most interesting results of the experiments conducted was that of the fertility test of the eggs of the different hens. The eggs laid in eight days where kept from each hen in the flock. One hen laid an egg every day, or a total of eight eggs. For convenience and to avoid confusion, we will call these different hens by their numbers. Four hens were used in these tests. To all outward appearances they were equally matched. The results were as follows:

Hen No. 437 laid 8 eggs.
Hen No. 466 laid 5 eggs.
Hen No. 453 laid 5 eggs.
Hen No. 471 laid 2 eggs.

At the end of the eight days the eggs were all placed in an incubator to test the fertility. At the end of seven days they were tested out, with the following results:

Hen No. 437 had 3 infertile eggs.
Hen No. 466 had no infertile eggs.
Hen No. 453 had 1 infertile egg.
Hen No. 471 had 2 infertile eggs.

It is seen that hen No. 466 had the best percentage of fertility, laying five eggs in the eight days and every one of thm were fertile. While No. 437 laid the greatest number of eggs three of them were infertile. Hen No. 471 was the hen that we considered the best "looker" in the flock. She had the ideal shape for a heavy layer, as laid down by the different poultry experts, but note what the trap nest did. It put to flight all time the theories of judging a hen by appearance, and that a heavy fertility is obtained from heavy layers. The slow, moderate hen, such as No. 466, is the one to select for the breeding pen.

He Tapped the Sewer.

Kansas City Jurnal.

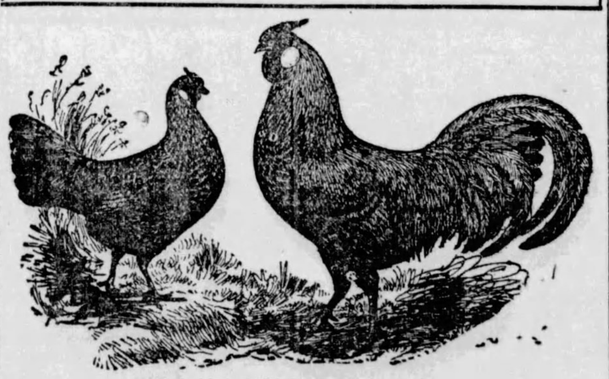
A Muskogee negro just couldn't stand to see "good licker wasted," so while the federal enforcement officer was emptying several barrels of perfectly good whisky into a sewer the negro tapped the drain pipe and saved 15 gallons of the fluid. But there his luck failed him, for somebody informed the officers, and the darky "hit the breeze," as the cowboys say.

Irish Names in Congress.

New York Sun.

Irish names will be plentiful in the next house of representatives. There are five from Connecticut Lonergan, Mahan, Reilly, Donovan and Kennedy. The Macs and the O's will also be well represented—McDermott and McAndrews, of Chicago; McGillicuddy, of Maine; McDonald and McLaughlin, of Michigan; the two McGuires, one from Oklahoma, the other from Bryan's town of Lincoln, Neb. Three are O'Leary and O'Brien of New York; O'Shaunessy, of Rhode Island, and O'Hara, of Illinois. And one mustn't overlook Curry, Hayes, Keating, Madden, Gorman, Gallagher, the two Connollys, Murray, Curley, Kelly, the two Quinns, Scully, Walsh, Egan, Maher, Griffin, Sullivan, Conry, Dooling, Clancy, Driscoll, Buckley, Donohue, Casey, Burke and the two Dillons—verily the list reads like the roll of the Irish members of the British parliament.

AN OLD STANDARD BREED



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We have only a limited amount of this Corrugated Iron Roofing at this price. It is brand new, perfect, first-class in every respect, but **light weight.** We bought it at a forced sale and must sell it quick. Sheets 22x24x1¼ inch corrugation. **Our wrecking price is only $1.25 per square,** delivered F. O. B. Cars Chicago. On this item specify Lot No. A. D. 700. We cannot pay freight at this unheard of price. This is not galvanized, but black Steel Roofing. Write for our special

Freight Prepaid Prices on Galvanized Roofing. The lowest prices ever offered in the history of Roofing Materials. We must move our surplus stock on all of our roofing materials. We have absolutely "smashed" prices on every kind of roofing material. This is your opportunity to buy what you need at a tremendous saving. We intend to maintain our leadership as the largest "direct to consumer" Roofing Material Concern on earth and we defy any competitor to meet our prices.

We Will Save You Money on any and every kind of roofing, siding or ceiling. If you are thinking of re-roofing your house, barn, granaries, poultry houses, etc., write us and we will give you the benefit of our years of experience and our best advice as to the kind and quality you should buy. We have full stocks of Plain Flat, Corrugated, Standing Seam and "V" Crimped sheets, suitable for all covering purposes—Roofing, Siding, Ceiling, Lining, etc. **Metal Roofings are best** and cheapest in the long run, easiest to lay, longest life, non-absorbent: fire, water and lightning proof; cooler in Summer, warmer in Winter; do not taint rain water; with **ordinary care** will last a lifetime. The unequalled buying power, made possible by our perfect buying organization and our $2,000,000 Capital Stock—makes it possible for us to pick up these "snaps" and pass them along to you.

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FACE WOULD BURN AND ITCH

Little Pimples Like White Specks. Then Festered. Face One Mass of Sores. Could Get No Rest. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In 2 Weeks Pimples Gone.

459 Division St., Blue Island, Ill.—"I first noticed little pimples like white specks breaking out on my face. Then they festered. The moment I scratched them they made a sore and my face was one mass of sores which caused disfigurement. My face became marked and there were holes where the pimples had been. I would wake up in the night and my face would be burning and itching and I could get no rest. I tried many kinds of salves and different things but all to no relief. After I took to Cuticura Soap and Ointment in about three days I found I could sleep nights and that the pimples were fast disappearing. Two weeks later I noticed that they were gone. Cuticura Soap and Ointment effected permanent relief." (Signed) George Warner, June 21, 1912.

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Soak hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Ointment (50c.) are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. 25c. Sample free.

FOREMAN CURSED AND SHOOK GIRLS

Springfield, Ill., April 25.—Agnes McGill, 21 years old, testified to her experience as an employe of the International Shoe Co. She said she started in the box factory at $3 a week and received increases until she was paid $7 a week. The girls in the department were driven at top speed, she testified, the foreman cursing them when they failed to turn out as much work as he desired. On a half dozen different occasions, she testified, she fainted from excessive exertion. She told of the foreman of the department seizing girls and shaking them when they displeased him.

FLIES ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

Colon, April 28.—Robert G. Fowler made a flight across the isthmus in a hydro-aeroplane yesterday with a passenger.

Fowler left Panama beach at 9:45 a. m. He circled over Panama city and the entrance to the canal for more than half an hour, ascending to a considerable altitude, and then turned in the direction of Colon.

Fowler crossed over to Cristobal and the motor began to miss fire, and then stopped suddenly owing to the failure of the gasoline supply. Fowler brought his hydro-aeroplane down gracefully, but it landed on a shallow reef and a hole was torn in the pontoon.

CARNEGIE AWARDS FOR HEROIC ACTS

Many Names in Latest List Given Out by Hero Commission.

Pittsburg, April 25.—The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission tonight announced a list of awards for heroic acts. The list, with medal awarded, etc., is as follows:

William J. Reidy, bronze medal. Reidy, carpenter, saved Abraham Hildebrand, laborer, from suffocation, Gresham, Ore., November 8, 1904.

Charles R. Lilly, bronze medal and $900 to liquidate his indebtedness. Lilly, a station master, saved M. Frances Gooding, aged four, from being run over by a train, Grafton, W. Va., May 4, 1912.

Edgar H. Shorman, bronze medal and $1,000 toward liquidating his indebtedness. Shorman, grocer, rescued Mabel McCalley from a runaway, Marion, Iowa, March 3, 1911.

Jeremiah Frain, bronze medal and $1,000 toward liquidating mortgage on his property. Frain, boilermaker, saved Charles L. Davis from suffocation, Rankin, Pa., June 21, 1907.

Lillamae Formby, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Miss Formby, aged 22, school teacher, saved Ethel R. Y'Blood, aged 19, from being run over by a train, Waldo, Ark., August 2, 1912.

Ralph E. Maxey, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed, Maxey, baggage master saved Harriett E. Malcolm and Lottie Hollenberg from being run over by a train, Monmouth, Ill., May 12, 1908.

Samuel Nasser, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Nasser, weaver, saved Edward S. Whelan, aged four, from burning, Elmira, N. Y., April 12, 1912.

Thomas P. Cahill, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Cahill, assistant superintendent of a life insurance company, saved Isabella Mandel, aged three, from being run over by a street car, Pittsburg, Pa., April 27, 1912. Cahill sprang into the street and crouched between the rails to rescue the little girl, who had wandered upon the track. With the fender of the car but four feet away, he grabbed Isabella, jerked her backward, and threw himself off the track just as the car passed.

David Phillips, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Phillips, a mine fire boss, saved Martin A. Wright, aged 79, from being run over by a train, Snowden, Pa., June 11, 1912.

William J. Arthur, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed .Arthur, a salesman, saved Benjamin J. Vetrone from drowning, Erie, Pa., August 2, 1912.

Bernard C. King, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. King, a clerk, saved Ralph C. Brown, a boy, from drowning, Warren, Pa., December 28 1912.

Alexander E. Shearer, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Shearer, a lamp tender, saved Francis L. and Zura L. MacDonald, aged 3 and 11, respectively, from burning, Dingville, W. Va., September 26, 1912.

Alvin M. Crafton, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Crafton, a farmer, saved Thomas Griffin, school boy, and Robert Conyers, farmer, from drowning, Sidney, Ark., July 4, 1912.

Elliott D. Nichols, Jr., bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Nichols, school boy, saved F. Bernice Fleck, aged 17, from drowning, Watts Flats, N. Y., July 29, 1906.

William M. Orr, bronze medal and $1,000, as needed. Orr, a sawmill operator, saved W. McDonald Morriss, aged 10, from drowning, Glade Spring, Va., March 16, 1912.

James Reynolds, bronze medal and $1,300 to liquidate mortgage on his property. Reynolds, a foreman of linemen, saved John C. Jackson, lineman, from electric shock, New Haven, Conn., September 1, 1908.

Joseph T. Holland, bronze medal and $2,000, as needed, for educational purposes. Holland, aged 19, clerk, attempted to save Hazel M. Murray, aged 19, from drowning, Erie, Pa., August 21, 1912.

Sheldon V. Clarke, bronze medal and $2,000, as needed, for educational purposes. Clarke, aged 17, student, saved J. Bryon Duke, aged 17, from drowning, Williamsport, Pa., June 3, 1912.

J. Floyd Frasier, bronze medal and $2,000, as needed for educational purposes. Frasier, aged 13, school boy, saved Wayne K. Williams, aged 16, farmhand, from drowning, Dulaney, Texas, May 28, 1911.

R. Kenneth Oliver, bronze medal and $2,000, as needed, for educational purposes. Oliver, aged 11, school boy, saved Gladys M. Russell, aged seven, from being run over by a train, Tampico, Ill., March 15, 1912.

James . London, deceased, bronze medal to widow and pension of $55 per month, with $5 a month additional for each of four children. London, assistant general foreman of construction, died attempting to save Harry R. Hicks, aged 11, from drowning, Mahoning, Pa., June 30, 1912.

E. Gertrude Semon, silver medal and $1,000, as needed. Mrs. Semon rescued Elizabeth G. King from burning, Galesburg, Ill., Dec. 14, 1910.

Iram Kevorkian, silver medal and $1,000, as needed. Kevorkian, a laborer, saved Henry J. Lutz, candy maker, from drowning, Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 19, 1912. Lutz fell into the Niagara River and was rapidly carried toward the American Fall. Kevorkian, who could not swim, waded out 20 feet into the water which reached nearly to his hips, at a point one hundere and fifty feet above the brink, and as Lutz was drifting by, caught him with a pikepole.

Martin D. Wade, silver medal and $1,000, as needed. Wade, a railroad flagman, attempted to save Raymond V. Ryan, school boy, from being run over by a train, Mount Alton, Pa., March 2, 1912.

Joseph M. Friel, silver medal and $1,000, as needed. Friel, aged 24, brakeman, saved Agnes E. Walsh, aged 17 from being run over by a train Riverton, Pa., ctober 25, 1912.

Patrick J. Reidy, silver medal and $1,000 to liquidate mortgage on his property. Reidy, aged 36, yard conductor, saved Thomas Hayes, aged 6, from being run over by a train, Buffalo, N. Y., June 28, 1906.

Stanislaus Orlemanski, silver medal and $1,000 toward liquidating his indbetedness. Orlemanski, a crossing watchman, attempted to save an unidentified man from being run over by a train, Erie, Pa., July 24, 1912.

Charles G. Davis, Danville, Pa., silver medal and $2,000, as needed, for educational purposes. Davis, aged 18, laborer, saved W. Franklin Gorman, well digger, from suffocation, Charlotte, N. C., September 19, 1911.

Alvah H. Gibson, Milwaukee, Wis., silver medal and $2,000, as needed, for educational purposes. Gibson, aged 14, helped to save Howard C. Warren, aged 15, from an impending fatal fall following an electric shock, Kalamazoo, Mich., April 16, 1912.

Roy W. Carney, silver medal and $1,000 toward liquidating his indebtedness. Carney, a city detective, helped to save Howard C. Warren from an impending fatal fall following an electric shock, Kalamazoo, Mich., April 16, 1912.

William W. Webster, deceased, silver medal to widow and pension of $70 a month, with $5 a month additional for each of two children. Webster, a merchant, died attempting to help save Howard C. Warren, from an impending fatal fall following an electric shock, Kalamazoo, Mich., April 16, 1912.

Herbert R. Cornell, deceased, silver medal to father, and $600 as needed. Cornell, aged 12, school boy, died attempting to save Carl C. Henry, aged 12, from drowning, Athens, Ohio, June 28, 1912.

John T. Brooke, deceased, silver medal to father, and $1,000 as needed. Brooke, aged 22, teacher, saved Earl L. R. Askam, student, and died attempting to save Clarence M. Dell, student, and George W. Smith, teacher, from drowning, San Mateo, Cal., August 15, 1907.

George W. Smith, deceased, bronze medal to mother, and $1,000 as needed Smith, aged 26, teacher, died attempting to save Earl L. R. Askam and Clarence M. Dell, San Mateo, Cal., August 15, 1907.

Peter W. H Finney, deceased, silver medal to sister and pension of $25 a month. Finney, aged 21, farmer, died attempting to save John Thomas, farmer and well digger, from suffocation, Snake Creek, Va., May 26, 1911.

Charles Thomas, deceased, silver medal to widow, $100 to liquidate her indebtedness, and pension of $30 a month, with $5 a month additional for each of four children. Thomas, a laborer, died attempting to save Joseph E. Murphy, aged 49, contractor, from suffocation, Circleville, O., September 16, 1912.

Elias B. Adams, deceased, silver medal to widow and pension of $25 a month. Adams, aged 68, crossing watchman, died attempting to save Olivia R. Schmidt, aged 18, from being run over by a train, Dayton, O., Nov. 14, 1912.

Alexander Johnston, deceased, silver medal to widow and pension of $75 a month, with $5 a month additional for her son. Johnston, assistant master mechanic, died attempting to save Sylvester L. Hines, rigger, and Frederick Meyer, aged 26, rigger helper, from suffocation, Etna, Pa., June 11, 1912.

Oswald G. Beck, deceased, silver medal to widow and pension of $55 a month, with $5 a month additional for her daughter until she reaches age of 16. Beck, a pipe fitter, died as a result of attempting to save Alexander Johnston from suffocation, Etna, Pa., June 11, 1912.

Lawrence E. Riddle, silver medal. Riddle saved Frederick Meyer, and attempted to save Oswald G. Beck and Alexander Johnston from suffocation, Etna, Pa., June 11, 1912.

Henry Wagner, silver medal and $1,000, as needed. Wagner, a trestle foreman, saved Lawrence E. Riddle from suffocation, Etna Pa., June 11, 1912.

100,000 Trainmen in Wage Demand

New York, April 26.—Over 100,000 railroad employes on 54 eastern lines are interested in the negotiations begun here between their representatives and the railroad managers over the demand for an increase in wages. They are members of the Brotherhoods of Railway Conductors and Railway Trainmen, and they made their demands in line with the action taken by the engineers and firemen. At the first conference here the conductors were represented by A. B. Garretson and the trainmen by G. W. Lee. Elisha Lee represented the railroad managers.

DEATH IS DUE TO PRIDE

Girl Wouldn't Ask Her Relations for Aid.

Colorado Springs, Col., April 28.—A sense of pride, which caused her to refrain from asking aid from relatives, resulted in the death of Miss Lana Conger, 21 years old, of Des Moine , Ia., according to her sister, Mrs. C. B. Hutchins, of Lamar, Col., who arrived here today to care for her sister's body. Miss Conger, who was a relative of E. H. Conger, of Iowa, former minister to China from the United States, died in a local hotel under circumstances which have caused the coroner to order an autopsy.

Physicians who attended the young woman state that the direct cause of death was a hemorrage of the lungs, but that death was unduly hastened by heart trouble brought on by nervousness and the high altitude here.

A search of Miss Conger's possessions disclosed only $3. Mrs. Hutchins declares it her belief that if her sister had been supplied with sufficient funds, she would have sought the assistance of phyicians earlier and probably warded off the attack which killed her.

A FREE CHICK BOOK.

Mr. C. O. Woods, a chemist and poultry fancier of 310 West 3rd Street, Lee's Summit, Missouri, has written a valuable booklet on White Diarrhoea in little chicks and why so many of them die. He also tells of a simple home treatment that cures this disease over night and saves about 98% of each hatch. Everyone interested in poultry raising should write him today for a copy of this booklet which he is sending free to readers of The Blade.—Advt.

IS THE FATHER OF FIFTY CHILDREN

Walnut, Ark., April 28.—In Thomas Ellison, better known as "Uncle Tom," who resides in Newton county, it is believed the real champion of the progeneration principles of Theodore Roosevelt has been found. Uncle Tom is 93 years old. The birth yesterday of a son to one of his granddaughters caused a recasting of Ellison's record. Here it is:

Married three times.
Father of 50 children.
Grandfather of 125 children.
Great-grandfather of 60 children.
Great-great-grandfather of 27 children.
His youngest child is 11 years old, the oldest 65.
Ellison was born in Clinton county, Ohio.

47 MORE BODIES OUT OF SHAFT

Those at Mine of Pittsburg Coal Company Say 92 Are Dead.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 25.—Rescue parties, working in the ruined Cincinnati mine of the Pittsburg Coal Co., where an explosion occurred Wednesday afternoon, this morning brought 47 additional bodies to the mouth of the slope. These were placed on a special train and taken to Monongahela City where, like the 18 recovered yesterday, they were prepared for burial. This makes a total of 65 known dead.

According to the coal company's statement made this morning there are about 27 more bodies to be recovered. The company's records have been checked and as near as these tally, 170 men went into the mine Wednesday morning, the day of the explosion. Seventy-eight of these are known to have escaped by two entries, leaving 92 to be accounted for.

Chief of the State Department of Miens James E. Roderick, who has been at the scene of the disaster since yesterday, made a public statement today. He said: "I think it will be found that the explosion and the resulting loss of life was caused by far more than carelessness. I do not like to censure dead men. I believe that certain dead employes who held responsible positions are to blame."

As the force from the bureau of mines, supplemented by trained miners from the district, penetrated farther into the workings during the night they were able to ascertain the extent of the damage. Whole entries were choked with fallen rock, the draining system was completely out of commission and havoc was apparent in every part of the workings they were able to reach.

The bodies recovered were found buried under the fallen roof, and the opinion was expressed by some of the men that all bodies that will be recovered later will be found under masses of rock. It may, therefore, be several days before the exact extent of the loss can be determined.

DEMOCRATS PLAN TO CREATE JOBS

Would Open Consular Posts to Henchmen by Requiring a Test.

Washington, April 25.—Democratic leaders have a plan for opening many of the more desirable positions in the consular service to Democratic applicants, now barred by reason of the civil service rules. This will be welcome news in Ohio to Democrats, many of whom seek places in the consular service. The plan is to require men now in the consular service who were covered under the civil service by executive order to stand examination.

Chairman Flood of the house committee on foreign affairs is drafting a joint resolution which will deal with the consular problem. This resolution means that all consuls drawing salaries of $3,500 and upward who have not taken the civil ervice examination and attained their places through promotion under the merit system shall be required at once to undergo examination in competition with applicants for their places. The nature of the examination, the conditions under which it shall be held, conditions of preferment, according to grades, etc., will be left to the state department.

About 100 of the more lucrative posts will be affected. There are few consuls drawing salaries in excess of $3,500, who were appointed under the merit system and have been promoted on their records.

The Flood plan has the approval of President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan it is said.

The administration does not believe that the merit principle should be abrogated in so far as it has been applied to the consular service, but at the same time holds that it is an injustice to permit officials who never passed an examinaion of any kind to hold their job without having been subjected to the test which candidates for the service are required to pass.

Chairman Flood will have this resolution ready within a few days and it is predicted that it will pass the house and senate speedily.

CARUSO MADE FELONS CRY

Tenor Himself Was Moved to Tears as He Sang.

Atlanta, Ga., April 28.—After Enrico Caruso had sung for the 900 convicts in the federal penitentiary a poem dedicated to him by Julian Hawthorne was read. It extols Caruso's voice and says of its effect on the prisoners:

We were men once again on a sunlit day.
Sin and grief and punishment, all
Were lost in that human trumpet call.
How, then, if such be music's spell,
Shall we doubt that Christ still conquers hell?

Caruso sang Oh, Paradise, from L'Africane, Myerbeer; Idealle, a ballad by Tosti, and Ridi Pagliacci (sob song), from I. Pagliacci.

The tenor, moved by his surroundings, threw unusual pathos into his notes, and when he concluded nearly all the prisoners were sobbing. Caruso himself cried.

"I can't help it," he said, "when I think of these 900 men shut away from life. I would rather give them a moment's pleasure than sing before kings."

Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, who sat near the stage, wept all during Caruso's program.

BAHAISTS HAVE CONVENTION

Nearly 12,000 Adherents of New Faith in Country.

New York, April 28.—Three hundred followers of Abdul Baha Abbas, Persian prophet who preaches that men serve God best by serving their kind, began today the business session of the fifth annual convention of the Bahai temple unity. The delegates, three out of four of whom are women, have come in greatest numbers from the west, particularly from Chicago, where the foundations have been laid for the first Bahai temple in this country. The temple is to be known as the Mashrak-el-Azkar, which means "The dawning point of the mentionings of God." It is claimed that there are now nearly 12,000 adherents to the Bahai faith in this country.

KIDNERGARTENERS CONVENE

Washingon, April 28.—Teachers of children from the English speaking countries of the world are arriving here for the 20th annual convention of the Internaloal Kindergarten Unio. Miss Mabel S. McKinney, of Brooklyn, president of the union, and Miss Alice Temple, of Chicago, its vice president, already are here. President and Mrs. Wilson will receive the delegates at the White House Wednsday afternoon.

The convention will open formally tomorrow in the National Museum and sessions will be held each day and evening until Friday. Child teachers of national reputation including Miss Julia C. Lathrop, head of the federal children's bureau, will be among the speakers. On Saturday the delegates will visit Mount Vernon and luncheon will be served by the Kindergarten Association of Baltimore.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

self I think it'll be something that combines the good points of all of them and yet is a creed distinct and apart. And I think it ough to have a smack of the country in it. Have you ever been in Wharfedale?"

"I can't say I have."

"I was there once for a week when I was a boy, and I have never forgotten it—grass slopes, and lime stone hills, and moore on top of them—just the spot for a new religion. When I can afford it and am able to retire from the sea, I should like to set up on a farm there and found the Wharfedale Particular Methodist."

Miss Dubbs clasped her hands. "What a noble work!"

The sailor took a grip on his courage. "Are you firmly convinced about the New Connection?"

"I must say it has points, many many points, though on some of their circuits the arrangements for the minister is disgusting, and the things they expect his family to do are out of all reason. But since I left home and went into business, of course, I've been into other places of worship, and naturally they opened my eyes to the fact that there are possibilities outside the New Connection."

"Miss," said the little sailor enthusiastically, "I never came across any one with your amount of sense in dealing with a question like this. In fact, the only lady I ever discussed the question with—well, she was a disappointment."

'And who was she, pray?"

"Passenger I came across once on a steamboat. Very attractive lady. But she didn't seem to know there was anything that counted outside the Church of England, except, perhaps, the Romans, and, as she said, it was her idea that fancy religions didn't amount to a hill of beans."

"Then I shouldn't call her a lady at all. I should call her a cat."

"Oh, she was a lady right enough. A lady by birth, too; her father was a baronet, and her brother wears the title now."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" said Miss Dubbs, sharply. She was annoyed at being caught out in error. "Of course, if she was a real lady of that sort, she would be bound to go to church."

"Then do you mean—"

Miss Dubbs nodded her elaborate black head impressively. "Never you mind what I do mean. You gentlemen who are officers at sea know a lot about the sun, and the moon, and stars, and boilers, and passengers, and geography, and all that. But, let me tell you, you miss a heap. You don't read. You don't know anything about society, and what society does, and where it goes to worship."

"It goes where its convictions carry it."

With obvious difficulty Miss Dubbs held back her superior information. "It will be time enough for people like you or me, captain, to think about changing over to—I mean to get ourselves into real society when we've made a pile of money. And for the present, as you tell me you're out of a berth, I make no bones about telling you that, as far as I am concerned, my rich aunt shows at present no signs of dying and leaving me all her savings. In fact, she's even been so unkind as not to take the trouble to be born. I'm always hoping, of course, that some one will leave me a fortune; they always do in books, and it's cheering to look forward to the day when one will be rich; but for the present the salaries paid in our business are disgracefully small, and I tell you plainly it's as much as I can do to dress anything like respectably on mine, let alone buy the furs that a lady ought to have when she's in my position."

Mr. Kettle sighed deeply. "A lady like you will marry a rich man. You couldn't do justice to yourself on less."

Miss Dubbs bridled. "I hope my husband, if ever I have one, will some day become rich and powerful. But if anyone was to suggest I should marry for money alone, I believe I should forget I was a lady and use vulgar language. If you read at all, Captain, you'd know that Mr. Charles—that all the best authorities tell you plainly that to marry for anything except love is simply to ask for trouble, and that last's a thing which yours sincerely is going to avoid if she knows it."

"Well, the Lord be thanked for that, though, to tell the truth I didn't think you meant anything else. But, miss, on my part let me tell you something, too. My idea of the matter runs like this. A man who asks a lady to marry him when he's got nothing but his ticket, and no money in hand, and no billet to go to, deserves a suit of tar and feathers. Mark, I'm speaking only of the business of the sea, because that's all I know about. But you can take it from me, miss, that its uncertainties can only be described as beastly. A man may today have the best kind of prospects imaginable; he may be known as a smart driving mate, good ship's husband, good navigator; and tomorrow, through no fault of his own, except that he honestly carried out his duty, he's—as a mate or a master—blacklisted to all eternity. That's the British mercantile marine."

From down the stairway a great voice boomed: "Miss Dubbs, bar, please."

"There's pa—well, the guv-nor if you like. I must be going. I'm three minutes past my time as it is, and he's nuts on punctuality."

"Half a minute, miss. I saw an accordion in the private room at the back of the Snug. Who plays?"

"Oh, pa thinks he does. But singing's his strong suit. He really can sing—if one cares to listen to those deep Sailors' Grave things that come right from the boots."

"Would an accompanist please him?"

"Why, can you play?"

"Better than most. I've every tune in the Young Methodist's Hymnal Companion off by heart, and I can improvise as well. You find me, miss, in a bit of a desperate strait. I've lost my billet, and I'd no more sense than to let a brace of mud pirates rob me of all my ready money, and so I must put modesty aside, and say what I can do, and accordion-playing's one of the big items."

Miss Dubbs tucked an encouraging hand under Mr. Kettle's arm. "You come down with me, Captain. I'll put you on the ground floor with pa inside three minutes."

The landlord, as was natural, was skeptical at first; talked of accordion players he had known who were 'equal to Padriwhiskey and Mahryall;" and spoke of the risk and strain to his voice in singing to an inefficient accompanist. But Mr. Kettle had the instrument in hand by this, had run his fingers over the keys, and presently was playing such a soothing improvisation to the little man's recitative, that presently the monologue stopped, and the small first rattled the glasses on the table.

"By Jinks, Captain, you're a take-in. I thought you were a tin-pot amytoor. Why, you're a bloomin' pro. I se what we're in for, and that's an evening of 'armony. Miss Dubbs, kindly take the captain's order. Mine's the usual. And ma will have a red port wine. And now, Captain, if you'll kindly do what you can with The Bay of Bisay, key of E flat, I'll supply the rest."

The concert took place in the inside private parlor, in an atmosphere that was entirely unventilated, and rich with the mingled odors of tobacco smoke and toasted cheese, and as the glass door into the Snug was hospitably left open, that latter apartment was crowded with an appreciative audience who rapped approval of each successive item with sticks, feet, and tumblers. Miss Duobs pumped beer, and drew whisky till her strong right arm was wearied; and when 11 o'clock and turning-out time arrived, there was a unanimous vote against any government that laid down arbitrary laws as to when a gentleman should leave enjoyment and go home to bed.

"By jings!" said the landlord hoarsely, as he locked the front door on the last customer's heels, and kept the rest of the atmosphere from escaping; "by jings! I've not had such a night since we opened here. This has got to be repeated. The customers will expect it. Miss Dubbs, we'll take a Dock and Joris, and I daresay you'd like a cream de mint yourself. Captain, as we say in the lodge, here's 'Round the Neck!'"

Captain Kettle stayed in free quarters at the Mason's Arms for a week, and at the end of that period found a job as timekeeper on a railroad extension works. The camp was some considerable number of miles away, and the employment was thoroughly distasteful to him. He ached to be back again at sea; but with scandal (as he was convinced) awaiting him at Liverpool, he chose the safer part, and prepared to lie low till the air cleared again.

On Saturday midday he was officially free, but in effect had to spend all the afternoon and most of the evening, writing up books; and on alternate Sundays some of the gangs worked overtime, and he had to be on watch to check the hours to be paid for. His predecessor in the post, being a high-minded British workman, had decided he would be no man's slave, and had handed in his resignation in a manner that insured its instant acceptance. But to Mr. Kettle the hours were light enough. When engaged in his own profession, as a modern mate, he had taken it for granted that he had to work seven days a week, whether in harbor or at sea, and for most of the 24 hours of each of those days, so that with a training like that at his back, any shore duty was likely to come light enough. His main trouble was that the distance and these long hours made it practically impossible for him to slip away and see Miss Dobbs at Foston.

Save on his pay he could not. He was not extravagant. He liked his glass of beer and his pipe of tobacco; and though these were practically his only luxuries, it took practically every penny he earned to barely live. The reason was simple. He had spent all his grown life at sea, where food and lodging are provided as part of the scheme of life, and he had none of a landsman's training in buying these things for himself.

Moreover, and this was very typical of him, he was always conscious of holding a master's certificate, and was very sensitive about living in any style which he conceived to be below a shipmaster's dignity. There are very strict sumptuary laws about these matters; and even if he had felt any inclination to give way on small matters of etiquette, owing to force of existing circumstances, the thought of Miss Emily Dubbs in the background always kept him up to the most exacting letter of the sea rubric.

Miss Dubbs had swelled out her chest when she laid down the law on the matter, and had spoken with no uncertain voice. "If I was an officer," said she, "I'd be an officer. If I knew I was a captain, and I was down on my luck, and I went into a house of call, starving, and they asked me kindly to step into the kitchen and take my meal there, d'ye think I'd do it? Not me! I'd starve first. Why, it would be like asking a bar lady to carry coals to a bedroom, or wheel out visitors' children in a perambulator."

It was Miss Dubbs, in fact, who rescued Mr. Kettle from the railway extension, and sent him to sea again; and the first news of her move was conveyed to the poor stranded sailor telegraphically.

"To Kettle Railway Works Llandharmallic," it ran. "Come here immediate. Captaincy offers. Will expect you 6:25 train. Miss Dubbs."

His request to the engineer in charge for leave on urgent private affairs met with a flat refusal, couched in language that invited the blow to follow up. The engineer, as a point in fact, was in mathematical trouble at the moment over the amount of spoil it would take to construct a certain "fill," and Mr. Kettle arrived in the office just in time to perform the function of whipping-boy.

"I'd been aching for weeks," he explained afterward, "for a chance to spread that engineer's nose across his face, and send him home with his eye in a sling, and he knew it, and I make no doubt had taken his dirty precautions. I should have had time to have sewn him up all right, but the police would have been in by the end of the scrap, and I couldn't afford to waste a minute, much less risk a day. So I let him off; but, please the Lord, I'll meet him somewhere else, and attend to him in full."

So leaving his work entailed dismissal, and when once more he arrived at the Mason's Arms (this time with a small portmanteau), he was again in his previous condition of being out of employ.

To Be Continued.

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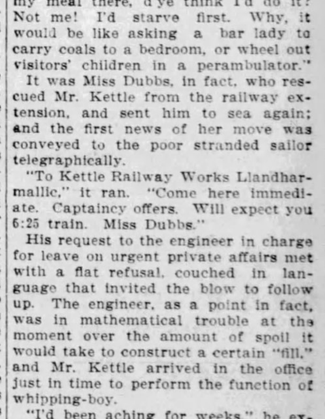

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6182—Ladies' Dress.

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The simplest of all designs for this practical garment. The trousers button across the lower part where they meet between the legs. Suitable for gingham, linen, galatea, and the like. The pattern is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 27 inch material.

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This sack can be made with the flowing or gathered sleeves. Any of the crepe materials can be used to make it.

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Spring

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Everybody's fancy should turn to thoughts of opportunities. One way to be ready for the main chance is to keep an eye on the advertising columns of The Weekly Blade.

There are not many men who could write a will like Mr. Morgan's.

When it comes to strategy a cat will beat a dog nine times out of ten.

It is always pathetic to hear a failure giving a successful man advice.

They can remove the tariff from Bibles, but that won't keep the dust off them.

Some old-fashioned people are in favor of short engagements and long marriages.

We used to be afraid of book agents, but that is a fear that wears off in time.

Not every man who feels like going fishing goes. There are heroes in every walk of life.

Every now and then some woman gets a divorce from De Wolf Hopper or Nat Goodwin.

When a man boasts about being self-made ask him how long it took to do the job.

There are times when we believe it would make us feel patriotic to pay an income tax.

The Mexican republic, which can see out of one eye only, has recognized the Chinese republic.

There ought to be some way to prolong the life of a good intention until it is put into execution.

A scientist says that the human race will soon be legless. We suppose that will be the end of baseball.

If you don't believe that beauty is only skin deep have a large piece of cuticle peeled off your nose.

The world must be getting along all right. Mr. Carnegie hasn't offered it any advice for five or six weeks.

Girls, save your toes, they are valuable. A Los Angeles jury gave a school teacher $15,000 for the loss of two of hers.

Old Socrates is quoted in the newspapers frequently, but the many things his wife used to say seem not to have lived.

Men who talk in their sleep don't know what they are talking about, and it is the same with some who are awake.

Start out to seek happiness and you will find thousands of people on the same quest traveling in the opposite direction.

Almost any man will admit that he has spring fever, but he draws the line when it comes to acknowledging that he is lazy.

Not so very many women have been killing their husbands this spring. Perhaps the world is growing better faster than we realize.

"If you are fond of jokes read the Congressional Record," says a paragrapher. Who's editing it, Vice President Marshall?

Few people realize what a great institution the agricultural department is. It has discovered sixty ways of cooking mutton.

Many a congressman has been slapped on the back and nothing said about it, but one slap in the face stirs up a lot of trouble.

Spring fever, we are told, is nothing but the sap stirring in us, same as in the budding trees. Perhaps we should be glad it isn't all in our heads.

Fashionable French women are now wearing porcelain heels on their shoes, but it isn't probable they can set their feet down any harder than our American queens.

Maybe the statesmen who record so many splendid things about themselves in the Congressional Record are only reprinting what their local papers said about them.

Opium smokers, policemen and idiots are barred from becoming members of China's congress. Probably because it seemed necessary to draw the line somewhere.

We used to be acquainted with a man who knew more about the wool tariff than any other living person, but he neglected his farm fences and his sheep got out and were killed on the railroad.

BUSINESS AND THE TARIFF.

The mercantile agencies have been able to report that business has been very close to normal in the fortnight and some odd days since the tariff bill was introduced in the house of representatives. The greatest slackening has been in the cotton goods and woolen trades, which would naturally feel a leveling of the tariff walls most. On the other hand, the business in steel products is very lively, though it is laid down as the first duty of the free trade element that the iron mills must prepare to meet their competition with Europe. In all lines, the demand for labor is high.

The persons who are confident that the tariff bill is the flying signal of the millennium will point to the state of business as irrefutable evidence that the tariff will not depress or discourage industry. The persons more familiar with the various minds in the Democratic party will point to the state of business as business' perfect confidence that the free trade features of the Underwood bill are due for considerable patching and amending before the measure goes to the White House.

A SCANDAL WORTH WHILE.

Germany is mightily stirred up over scandals which involve the honor and honesty of the management of the Krupp works, where the greater part of the heavy arms and the armor plate of the country's military establishment is made. It is charged that the Krupps, by secret connections with the war office, get advance information about contracts and, further, that it makes a business of subsidizing newspapers and magazines in Germany and France to keep the war spirit flaming high.

Revelations of this sort must fill every patriotic German with shame and anger. The great burden of taxes for defense appears now to be a burden for the support of crooked public servants and greedy gun manufacturers. Yet, before long, these scandals are very likely to be widely proclaimed as blessings. For Germany has been the armament pacemaker of the world. As she organized armies and built navies, her nearest neighbors and had to organize armies and build navies. And so the neighbors of the neighbors have had to organize and build, until now all the world is engaged in this race of drilling soldiers and hammering together the steel of warships. As one nation did, so have the other nations had to do, or for choice, live in the ever-present dread of attack and seizure.

The industrial and peaceful Germany, which is the greater Germany, may be counted upon to show its resentfulness because of the discovery that it has been a dupe where it thought itself a patriot. Out of this scandal may come great good.

WILLOW DAMS.

The sandbars and gravel bars of one of the southern Indiana streams which wrought tremendous damage and brought death to many persons in last month's flood are covered over with short willows and thorn trees.

When the high water came, these growths matted together, caught the floating debris and formed dams. Scores of these dams served to hold the water back, deflect the current and delay the runoff. Much of the damage can be traced directly to these impediments and no doubt many of the deaths were due to them.

Riparian rights are clung to jealously. Many landowners who do not utilize streams which border their property or flow through it take care that others shall not make use of the rights.

It would seem only fair that with these rights should go some responsibilities and obligations. The streams should be kept free of such material and growths as might, in time of flood, become sources of destruction. The work of clearing bars and lowlands is plainly the property owners' duty. It ought to be fixed by law in every state which suffers from flood.

A SOUP KITCHEN AT LAST.

They are striking the vein in Washington which leads to gold. The way is through those selfsame civil service examinations and civil service rules and merit systems which have acted as barriers to the patriots of the campaign of 1912. Now, instead of sitting upon the cold steps of the department buildings, cursing vigorously and praying for a miracle, the loyal army is getting in line for the pay window and thinking quite friendly toward the civil service structure.

The man who found the true lead is Representative Flood, chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs. He purposes introducing a joint resolution which orders all American consular officers in receipt of salary to the amount of $3,500 or upward to come home and submit to examination in the state department. If that doesn't open u pa shaft for the jobless, then, something is seriously the matter with Mr. Bryan's state department. And if it does, other parts of the government service can be sent through the acid test of civil service laws, can be made to yield their treasure of jobs and pickings and surcease from troubling.

As Colonel Henry Watterson has plaintively put it, "The boys are so hungry!"

ESENTIALS OF DARING.

The men who drum up money with which to undertake the voyage from Europe to America by airship or aeroplane, one or two of whom actually attempt the trick, seem none of them to have been impressed by the raging gales, the high waves, the cold and the far distances of the sea. They seem never to have been impressed by the fact that steamships in the busiest lanes of the North Atlantic sometimes go from Sandy Hook to Queenstown and between these places not once sight other vessels. They seem never to have beheld the brood of dingies around the little fishing sloops nor have wondered how lonely and how terrible it must be to be all alone upon the sea in so frail a craft.

This, perhaps, is why there are men eager and willing to try to win across the Atlantic in balloon or flying machine. Given a little recklessness combined with ignorance and a myopic sense of observation and there are men who will risk their lives at anything.

GETTING AROUND BRITAIN.

The Panama canal has been designed by American genius. It has been dug under the direction of Americans and largely with American brawn. Not one penny which was not American has been applied to its construction.

Yet Great Britain, by reason of wordings in two treaties, has assumed the right and the privilege of dictating how the canal shall be operated. Pointing to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty which aplied to a projected waterway across Nicaragua, she has claimed a vested interest in the Panama waterway. Pointing to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, signed, as the treaty itself says, "to remove any objection which might arise out" of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, she has challenged the power of the United States to establish canal tolls as the United States sees fit to establish them. She has, in brief, declared that the Panama canal was an Anglo-American enterprise—and this without spending a cent doing one hour's work or assuming a single obligation!

The Chamberlain resolution, calling for the formal abrogation of these irksome treaties, is the best way out of the controversy. It will serve to dampen down at least a part of the dust which has been kicked up because congress dared to legislate for an American enterprise in the face of British objection. It will leave the question as to whether exemption for American coastwise shipping is a subsidy, warranted or unwarranted, to be whipped out unconfused by the protests and bluffings of a foreign nation.

APPLIED CALHOUNISM.

It is more than a half-century since the state of South Carolina worked itself into a frenzy of indignation and disappointment and, quoting loudly from the speeches of a favorite son, seceded from the Union. In the course of these many years, the practical, everyday aspect of that action has become dulled and foggy. Men have brought that doctrine of states' rights out of the dusty closet of time, brushed it off, pronounced it a very good thing and offered it as one of the best commodities in the political market. Sumter is very far away and Jefferson Davis long in his grave.

The state of California, having a messy racial problem to deal with, despairing of the friendly interests of the national capital and thinking, perhaps, of the campaign professions of the gentleman in power at Washington, has undertaken to have a little whirl on its own account with the doctrine of states' rights. The business involves meddling with international affairs. Conceivably a great and bloody war might develop out of it. How different now is states' rights! What tough and irritating difficulties ooze from the resurrected tenets of Calhounism!

That thing brought out of the dusty closet of time, so quaint, so interesting, so jammed with entertaining talking points, was merely that casket of Pandora crammed with mischief. It is one of the day's best bets that the political antiquaries late of New Jersey and Nebraska are certain of it.

BUSINESS OF THE OFFICE.

The postmaster general has issued an order that every applicant for appointment must file in writing a pledge that he will devote all his time to the business of his office. Otherwise—says the postmaster general—the application will not be given consideration.

An important part of every postmaster's duties consists in "keeping the boys in line," getting the right kind of convention delegates and seeing that the administration is endorsed in the convention resolutions. That is the enjoyable and exciting phase of the postmaster job and so long as it is understood that it is included under business of the office no postmaster would complain. He wouldn't want to do anything else.

An easy pledge to make.

IN THE SPECIALIZING AGE.

It must be admitted, though in sorrow, that when the new secretary of the navy issued his orders which substituted the words "right" and "left" for the traditional "starboard" and "port," there were thousands of persons resident to American shipping ports who had never heard the old terms and hadn't the slightest glimmer of an idea what they meant. That warm attachment between water traffic and the people who live beside water which once existed has passed away. Navigation is of interest only to navigators nowadays.

Here in this lake port which has a shipping business exceeding that of the port of Boston, one comes occasionally upon statements in the newspapers which indicate that the technical language of the sea is as unfamiliar to the average reporter, and that means the average man, as the language of electricians or chemists. The Blade once gravely stated that the captain of a schooner was waiting for a "head wind" before putting out. In the account, appearing in a morning contemporary, of an accident on a steamer we come upon "ship engineer," "hatchway door" and "floor of the ship." Two men had been "groping their way in the dark to the opening in the roof." A few seasons ago that same newspaper described the agonies of castaways in Lake Superior who had "run short of fresh water," reaching land just in time to save them from the horrible effects of resorting, in their desperation, to the salt water of the lake.

Specialization has become so necessary under modern conditions of living that it is about all that one person can do to keep himself familiar with the technical terms and the facts of his own trade or occupation. He is lost when he wanders beyond it.

A JOB FOR SCIENTISTS.

The coal mine accident we have always with us. It is one of those industrial casualties which are held in the light of things bound to happen—occurring every so often, snuffing out lives with something of the regularity of the equinoctial procession, making widows and orphans as if it were a provision of nature that widows and and orphans must be made to weep and cry at the mouth of every coal pit.

We nourish the belief that engineering and chemistry and the general principles of industrial management and efficiency have advanced so far that accidents in coal mines could be made extremely rare, if not virtually impossible. The work of rescue has been brought to a high stage of skill and daring. There are always volunteers in every mining community willing to risk their lives for the sake of the lives of imprisoned neighbors. But the prevention of accidents has certainly not been brought to a high plane. No one ever hears of volunteers who will render the coal mine accident as infrequent as accidents in other industrial lines.

After all, the art and science of the engineers have been challenged by these terrible disasters. They cannot be such great things as they are popularly supposed to be if this problem of rendering coal digging a reasonably safe occupation is not solved.

THE HONORS OF SCUTARI.

As Osman Pasha was the one Turkish hero of the Russo-Turkish war, so Essaad Pasha is the only Turkish hero of the present conflict in the Balkans.

Osman entrenched himself at Plevna in the early part of September, 1877. Assaults upon emergency fortifications with greatly superior numbers failed time after time. Twice Osman had the enemy in his power and might have crushed him utterly had he not been bound by the orders of his government. In December, food and ammunition running short; Osman made a bold effort to cut through the besieging lines, but was forced to capitulate.

The chronicle of the siege of Scutari somewhat parallels the story of the defense of Plevna. Essaad Pasha had met assault after assault and driven the enemy back. He had held out against superior numbers. Food and ammunition were dwindling daily. Even the hope of relief through the coming of peace or the intervention of the powers slipped away, yet he hung on for months. Essaad Pasha lost, but not shamefully.

The Montenegrins deserve praise for their bravery and persistence. Yet the Turks must share the honors.

REFUSES TO STAY BURIED.

Thomas Riley Marshall has been saying things to the East and the East is not taking pleasantly to his remarks.

He has said, for instance, that "the rich are blind," and the East responds with the fond hope that Thomas Riley Marshall may be stricken dumb. He has remarked that the principal business of modern lawyers consists of showing their clients how close they can come to the penitentiary doors and yet not be urged to enter. The East has intimated that it will never go into mourning if Thomas Riley Marshall's case is made the subject of formal study by experts in insanity. He has hinted at the possibility of a national inheritance tax. Judging by the volume of the howl, all the East lives, motors and plays golf upon inherited money.

The trouble with the vice president, from the Eastern standpoint, is that he will not do his vice presidenting according to the rule and custom which direct that his office shall be a political tomb.

ACROSS PANAMA THIS YEAR.

Unless the whole great bulk of hill and mountain and jungle which looms up over the Culebra cut should all slide, the Panama canal will be filled with water in September next, the gates of the locks tested, the lights be made to burn and the operating organization be coached and drilled so that the first ship can cross the isthmus before the first of next year.

Colonel Goethals, the chief engineer, has been extremely careful not to make promises which would embarrass him to revise—not having had experience in municipal contracting—and, until a few days ago, has reiterated the date, January 1, 1915, as the one for the official opening. He may be put down as one of our most cautious Americans. He now says that the canal can care for the first vessel some time before New Year's day.

It is certain that the waterway will be completed and in running order by early winter, Colonel Goethals having said so, and it may be that not even those heaving and slippery cliffs and hillsides can prevent it. There is no record of the colonel's orders being questioned in the canal zone.

A Poem Worth While

The Root's Dream.

From the dark earth, cool and fagrant,
A gnarled, unlovely root
Sent forth in the rippling sunshine
A slender gold-green shoot.

The shoot, in the languid breezes,
Was soon by a pale bloom bent;
A sense of its frail white beauty
The sun to the black root sent.

The root was thrilled by a vision,
A vision of peace supreme:—
The fragile star of a blossom
Was the black root's dainty dream.

R. K. Munkittrick.

FRIENDS WE OFTEN LOSE

Might Have Won Hearts by Little More Exertion.

The most pathetic phase of life is a realization of the friends that we never make; the friends that might have been made by just exerting ourselves a little more, says the National Magazine. Who ever contemplated the loss of friends that he might have made by just releasing a little of his self-centered reserve?

We appreciate the person who always greets us at meeting day after day. It is an easy, so simple, to spread the halo of happiness about us that we often overlook it and go through the world thinking that every smile and every good impulse we have is not worth while unless bartered away for something in exchange. There life loses its whole value. It is when it comes from within with a worthy motive that happiness is truly ours.

Longevity

STANLEY WATERLOO, writing of the greater duration of life in the present, says:

"Longevity, and, above all, longevity in harness, is becoming the fashion simply because capable longevity is steadily on the increase. This has been enabled through the scientific direction of recent times, and the word "capable" is the key to the condition and the outlook. The average sensible man or woman must not care greatly to live to become very old if, with age, are involved senility and incapacity. Who should desire such an evening of life as that? Like a tropic night the end should come swiftly at its time, with hardly a span's length taken from the full light and vigor of the day. That is the sort of ending we are seeking through a wider and deeper knowledge of what are the causes which prematurely cripple us and of how their effects may be avoided. We are already learning rapidly how to increase the years of life, but we are not seeking to add those years at the end. We are, so to speak, "interjecting" them just where they will be attached to, and become an extended part of the years of virility and accomplishment. Youth, sturdy manhood, the weakening—these are the sum. The years science is giving us are added to those of sturdy manhood. What we are gaining is of the best. We are adding to the time of our interest in and enjoyment of existence. That is the beauty of it."

WOMEN CAPABLE SOLDIERS

Daughters of Prussia Who Served Their Country.

The year just begun marks a notable passage in the history of Prussia. A hundred years ago Prussia rose against Napoleon, who was already weakened by the retreat from Moscow, and with the help of the Austrians they managed to drive the French army over the frontier after defeating it in the tremendous two days' struggle at Leipsic.

Many are the centennial celebrations that are arranged for this year. Histoies of the war generally known as the "War of Libeation," are also being issued, and naturally enough one or two of these deal with the part that women played in the war, writes the Berlin correspondent of the London Standard. In one of these Major Noel, one of the chief students of the history of this campaign, gives a sketch of the career of seventeen daughters of Prussia who were specially prominent in the fight.

Incidentally it shows that in several cases Prussian women were mostly capable as soldiers, able to command and ready to obey, as well as being able to withstand the hardships of campaigning. To cite some instances: Maria Werder, a woman of Silesia, was allowed to serve as a hussar in the same regiment as her husband, who was a wealthy landowner. She was wounded in several engagements and saw her husband shot dead by her side at Leipsic.

Eleanora Prochaska is one of the better known of these heroines. She engaged under the name of Carl Renz in the light horse when only 1, and several poets have written of her courage and of her death just before the battle of Leipsic.

Satisfy Yourself

IN a little article in the January American Magazine, William Johnston says:

"It is not what people say about you—it's what you are that counts. The one person in all this world whom you should aim to satisfy is yourself. You alone know yourself. Other people know your outward appearance, your actions, your deeds, your ambitions, your thoughts.

"Are you satisfied with yourself? It is your own fault if you are not. Are you satisfied that you are doing the best you can in your work; that you are making the most of your time? Are you confident that your conduct toward your family, your friends, your neighbors, your employer, cannot be improved?

"Look yourself straight in the face this morning, in your mind's looking glass. Ask yourself whether it is what people say about you or what you are that hurts. Analyze your own conduct in all matters.

"Put yourself in the other fellow's place and try to see your actions through his eyes. Imagine that you are your employer instead of yourself. Answer honestly whether if he knew as much about you as you know about yourself he would discharge you or would raise your wages. If you do this conscientiously there are many things you will do differently.

Remember this, too. Other people's opinion of you is based on your own opinion of yourself. Are you self-respecting? Other people will respect you. Are you truthful? The world will believe you. Are you honest? Everyone will trust you.

"But weigh yourself frequently. Weigh yourself carefully. Be certain that your own opinion of yourself is justified. Be satisfied with yourself."

AN EXPLANATION.

The Blade regrets to announce the non-appearance this week of Mr. William T. Ellis' article on the International Sunday School lesson for April 4. Through some inadvertency, inexplicable at this time, Mr. Ellis' copy became lost too late to obtain a duplicate in time for publication, when the only thing that we can do is to record our regret and promise care and vigilance in the future.

ED. WEEKLY BLADE.

Valuable Eggs

Youth's Companion.

THERE is often to be heard some active revolt and more angry protest at the high price of eggs Had all "hen fruit" as precious a core as that sold some 40 years ago by an old negro woman no crusade of housekeepers, league of considerate dealers, or rebellion of ultimate consumers could hope to keep the price from soaring far beyond the reach of common purses.

"How do you sell eggs, aunty?" she was asked one day by a pleasant man she had never seen before.

"Dem eggs," was the reply, "am worf a picayune apiece; fresh, too, de last one ob 'em, 'B'lied 'em myself and knows dey's fust-rate."

The man was hungry, and the old woman's gay turban, neat dress and brimming basket made an enticing picture. He laid down a small coin, and took an egg. "Have you pepper and salt?" he inquired.

"Yas, sir; here dey is," she responded, beaming upon her new customer, who, producing a small penknife, proceeded leisurely to cut his egg exactly in half—when a bright new quarter was revealed, lying embedded in the yolk. Quietly pocketing his find, he picked up another egg, and asked its price. Her eyes, still fastened upon the pocket which held the treasure trove, the old woman hesitated, then announced:

"Boss, dat egg am worf a dime, suah."

He paid, and opened it, as he had the first. Within gleamed a shining gold quarter eagle, which he calmly transferred to his pocket before pricing a third egg. The old woman's eyes were fairly bulging as she gasped:

"Dere's no use a-talkin', massa, I can't let you hab dat egg nohow for less dan a quarter; I declare I can't."

"Very good; there is your quarter and here is the egg," assented the purchaser; and he opened it, to disclose, snuggly ensconsed in the middle, two 5-dollar gold pieces. Jingling them carelessly, he observed with a nonchalant air:

"Very good eggs. I like them. I think I'll take a dozen. What will be the price?"

"Price!" burst out the excited woman. "You couldn't buy dem eggs for all de money you's got. I's gwine take dem eggs all home. I is; and dat money in 'em's gwine belong to me. Couldn't sell no more o' dem eggs, nohow!"

They were good eggs; but their shells concealed no more buried treasure. Her customer was Heller, the famous sleight-of-hand performer.

An association of English poultrymen who send about 200,000 eggs to London each week are candling them with X-rays.

Sunflower seed is quoted at $3 a 100 pounds in England, and there is an increasing demand for its manufacture into oil cake.

WHY WOMEN OUTNUMBER MEN

A Statistician Says Feminine Powers of Longevity Are Greater.

New York Sun.

The fact that in almost all civilized countries women outnumber men has been ascribed to the higher birthrate of girl babies; yet statistics show that 105 boys are born to every 100 girls. According to figures compiled by a European statistician, the girl has a better chance than the boy of attaining maturity.

He finds that from the third to the fifteenth year the mortality for both sexes is the same; from the fifteenth to the nineteenth year, the critical age for girls, the girl's chances are slightly better than the boy's; from the mortality among women is smallthe thirtieth year to the thirty-fifth er than among men, and it continues smaller until the seventieth year. Then, for a decade and a half, the sexes once more have the same chance of survival, but above 85 years woman again stands a much better chance than man.

To account for this difference the statistician points out that woman has greater resilience in shaking off diseases than man. tI is true that the physical strength of man is greater than woman's, but a woman's power of endurance is more robust.

One reason for this is that woman possesses a finer perception of her power of endurance than a man, and when her perception warns her of fatigue, she stops. A man does not stop until his power is exhausted. His nervous system is not as finely organized as a woman's, and as Mosso, the Italian physiologist, has pointed out, men and women are entirely dependent upon their nerves for caution not to overexert. While it is true that women more easily contract many diseases, particularly nervous and mental diseases, than men, they overcome them more easily.

A Saner View of Law

Metropolitan Magazine.

WE DON'T call them courts of justice now; we call them courts of law," says the attorney in Bayard Veiller's play. With-in the Law—and the audience applauds with startling vigor.

Americans cannot truly be called a law abiding people. In big matters and little, by force and by fraud, for gain and for fun, we evade and violate our laws with a cheerful alacrity that has made us the wonder and the scandal of the nations. But what we lack in obedience to the law in the concrete, we have been in the habit of making up by the fervor of our reverence for law in the abstract.

Law is simply the will of the sovereign, whoever the sovereign may be. Judges are men like other men—creatures largely of class environment and spokesmen chiefly for class interests. There are no eternal and absolute principles involved. The question always is, Whose will shall be law? Who shall, in fact, be sovereign?

The playwright "shows the form and pressure of the time." If that speech about the courts brings down the house, it is because the American people are beginning to get rid of the legal mysticism—the habit of thinking of law and justice as abstract and transcendental things beyond human control—which has so long made them impotent to solve their social problems by unlawful methods.

Whenever they clearly see that law is just what the wielders of power wish it to be, the way is open for them to make it what they wish.

MISPRONOUNCED WORDS

ARE either and neither pronounced "eether" and "neether" or "eyether" and "neyther"? This question, much disputed, is answered in favor of "eether" and "neether" by Julian W. Abernathy in a useful little book entitled Correct Pronunciation. Not a single modern dictionary gives "eyther" the preference, says the little book, and goes on to quote Richard Grant White, who says "eyther" is an affectation, and a second rate British affectation at that. Which should hold the "eyether" advocates a while.

And now about the word vase. It's pronounced "vace," whether it comes from the 10 cent store or Tiffany's. "Vaze" is wrong, says the book, and "vawz" is vulgar. Another tally for us old-fashioned folks.

Perhaps you've been confused by hearing people talk about "rice" and finding out afterward that they meant the noun "rise." Well, they were wrong, too. A straw vote of the best modern dictionaries hands the preference to "rize" as the proper pronunciation.

Another word that is frequently mispronounced is depot. It should be "deepo," not "deppo" or "daypo."

Our old friend Jean Valjean, of course, is properly "Zahn Valzhan," and the great state of Kansas is pronounced as though the first s were a z. The folks who insist on making it soft are all to the bad.

J. Pierpont Morgan is a "finnanseer," not a "fynanseer."

The renaissance is pronounced "renesans," accent on the last syllable, not renaysans, and Salome gets her last syllable pronounced.

Poets are filled with the divine "affiaytus," not the divine "afflatus."

The ruler of Japan is the mikado, with the accent on the second syllable, as all serious minded students of Gilbert and Sullivan know, and never the mickadoo.

Gibberish is pronounced with a hard g, and not "jibberish," and the word flaccid is "flaksid," not "flasid."

Amateur is "amaturr" or "amachoor."

The antipodes—Australia, you know—is pronounced "antipodeez."

When the wind soughs through the branches, it "sows" never "suffs."

A faucet is a "fawcet," not a "fasset."

"Careless and slipshod enunciation among presumably cultured people," the author says, "is probably more common in the United States than in any other country in the world. A Frenchman is proud of his speech and treats it as a fine art, while American regards his speech with indifference or contempt."

Probably he is right, as he is a Ph. D. and the author of a book on American literature. At any rate, a study of his little book is likely to prove beneficial to any of us.

THE NEEDED RIGORS

AT a comfortable club in the largest American city a group of men sat chatting through a bleak winter afternoon, says Collier's. "He has a moderate income of from $8,000 to $10,000 a year," said one of the group. A moderate income. An amount sufficient for six families with the fighting attitude toward life to have every desirable comfort and easement! Good air, rooms facing the sun, food that nourishes, quiet evenings of talk and reading—all the sturdier elements of existence with nothing to sap the individual and create new class lines. The false view that calls so large a sum of money a moderate income for a single man must be fought till it is conquered. Hear what that wise teacher, William James, said:

"We have grown literally afraid to be poor. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardships; when we put off marriage until our home can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank account and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion. It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers."

The whole story is told in one of those New England fields—the gentle, fertile lands that lie around Deerfield, Mass., for instance, or right through the state of Maine from Portland clear up to Canada. When the fathers came across, those acres were high with trees and thick with tangle and rocks. With their bare hands they fell upon the wilderness and turned it to fertility. By early hours and long hours, in pain and hard work, they made our modern world.

But what similar piece of hardihood are we of today showing? We are dealing with life as if it were a thing to be softened for our young. Many youths in this generation are regarding marriage as impossible unless the income gives a luxurious standard of living. Girls consider housework a nuisance. Women refuse to have children and men refuse to have families because of the cost in money. Men prefer comfort and soft jobs to health in vigorous outdoor endeavor. The time has come for a movement, widespread and sincere, back to the iron of life, where stern work was faced, where pain was endured, and where the whole of life in its rigor was accepted.

VARIETIES

Texas in 1912 produced crops valued at $407,160,000.

Laundry cars have been built for the Russian troops.

New York uses $70,000 worth of postage stamps every day.

One-fourth of the irrigated farms of the United States are in California.

Chemicals are more effective in fighting mine fires than water.

The University of Upsala, Sweden, was founded in 1477.

An exhibition of "sweated industries" is to be held in Glasgow, Scotland.

A ratproof corn crib is made of concrete and wire mesh, with a tin roof.

Brazil can accommodate many millions of people without overcrowding.

Only 25 per cent of the land area of the United States is improved farm land.

Seventy per cent of the gold in civilized man's possession is in the form of coin.

The United States has 363 glass factories and the value of the product is $59,976,000.

San Domingo has an average rainfall of 108 inches.

Thirty-one per cent of Venezuela's total imports are taken from the country.

South America has on the average five and one-tenth inhabitants to the square mile.

All the handcars of a large southern railroad are being equipped with gasoline motors.

A German military surgeon proposes portable crematories to follow the army in warfare.

Stray animals are killed and cremated in Boston at the rate of 6 a week.

South African railways are experimenting with mechanical stokers for use on locomotives.

A glass bottle blowing machine invented in Germany has a speed of 2,000 bottles an hour, equal to the work of 250 expert glass blowers.

The longest pier in New York harbor is 900 feet in length. The Imperator, due at that port on May 15, is 919 feet long.

The Atlantic ocean has an area of 24,536,000 square miles; Pacific 50,309,00; Indian 17,084,000; Arctic 5,781,000 and Southern 30,592,000.

There are oil and salt wells in China more than 2,000 feet deep that have ben drilled through solid rock by hand with the most primitive tools.

Alaska broke another record last year by producing minerals valued at $21,850,000, an increase over the year before of $1,002,000.

Stones are found in Nevada which when placed apart, begin to travel toward a common center. The presence of lodestone or magnetic iron ore is the explanation of the phenomena.

Germany ships twelve million to fifteen million "pips" or "crowns" of lillies of the valley to the United States every year.

A camel with an average load will travel 25 miles a day, and when unincumbered will go 90 miles a day sometimes.

The government of Panama plans to build two schools of agriculture, a girls' normal school and a professional schol for women.

Winnipeg has added to its list of municipal ownership a public bath and has expended in the last year $60,000 for buildings and maintenance.

At the state experiment station at Wooster, the crops have averaged, for a term of years, about twice as much to the acre as the usual yield of the grain fields in Ohio.

Uruguay's imports from the United States for the first eleven months of 1912 reached the record sum of $6,776,000, while the previous year they reached only $5,953,313, also a record year.

The macerating machines at government headquarters in Washington destroy $3,500,000 daily. Charity workers frequently write in and ask for the condemned paper money, citing the great good they could do with it.

The United States imports from the orient, including all of Asia, and all of Oceania under the general title, show an increase of 75 per cent in the last ten years, and exports thereto an increase of 100 per cent in the same period.

To record hens' laying capacities two New Yorkers have patented a simple nest, in leaving which a hen is forced to mark a board with crayon atached to a foot, different colors being used to distinguish different hens.

There were 1,726 miles of railroad constructed in the south during 1912, according to reports received by the Manufacturers' Record, most of them from official sources. This is an increase of 726 miles as compared with last year.

The banking power of the United States has more than doubled in the last 12 years—the increase since 1900 has been 111 per cent. In that time the number of banks increased 107 per cent, their total business 127 per cent. The capital of 18 of the national banks is 16.72 per cent. of the total.

Germany's commercial activity is increasing in Western Canada. Responsible agents are carefully examining this field for German goods, and one sees in nthe shops of Winnipeg and the principal cities of western Canada a large assortment of German-made articles.

There are about 40 species of grapes in the world, more than half of which are found in North America. Few other plants on this continent grow wild under such varied conditions and over such extended areas.

There were approximately 19 billion acres of land under cultivation in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberto in 1912. From this area it is estimated that $200,000,000 will be realized by the farmers for their crops.

Lucifer matches—that is, matches tipped with an explosive substance that bursts into flame on being struck—were first used about 1834. Many improvements have been made in matches since then, the most important of which was the invention of the safety match, striking on the box only.

The new money washing machine has been installed in the Philadelphia mint by Burgess Smith, the inventor. It weighs 6,800 pounds, has a capacity of 5,000 notes an hour, and has two parts—one scrubs the note; the second gives it a cold water bath.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

AFTER THE FLOOD

By Martha Holden.

"Come right out to the kitchen!" said Mary Green, opening her swollen street door to the welcome visitor. "You didn't have the flood in your end of town, did you? Well, you don't know what you missed. I never knew we had so many kind people in Lowville. Here I've lived alone for 20 odd years, just a stone's throw from Main street, and thought nobody outside of our church and Aid Society cared anything for me, a lone woman—but everybody and his dog has turned out to help me in this flood.

"First I knew, young Willie Dalum, who always looks like a fashion plate, paddled his canoe into my front hall, and called upstairs that he'd brought me some bread and hard boiled eggs. I had just been out in the hall, working over the banisters at my hat rack, swimming around the corner toward the back door, when he called.

"I was glad to get the provisions because the water came up so fast that I had just time to get the album, with all the old photographs, and some of my books upstairs with me.

"I can't ask you to sit in this parlor; doesn't it look forlorn, no carpets, floor all warped, my sofa and stuffed chairs caked with mud? We've hosed and hosed, but this dried slime just won't come off. It'll smell musty quite awhile, I s'pose!

"But I've got a fire in the kitchen stove and lights again. Those were awful nights, upstairs there alone, without a spark of light or any heat. Gas is all right for fuel, but give me a wood stove and some dry kindling in flood time. Everybody that comes to see me tells some odd experience.

"You heard about Judge Bunks and his son, marooned upstairs in the court house for 41 hours. They were in the circuit court room, the one that has a little balcony off the front windows. They got very hungry, but there were so many women and children to be rescued, and they didn't give any sign. Finally the judge, being pretty restless, climbed out on the balcony. He saw a coop of chickens floating down toward the window. He called his son to hand him his cane, and with the crook he reached out and pulled the coop over into the balcony. And what do you think, there were three new laid eggs in that coop, and that saved the men's lives, till food came.

"You know the headquarters for food supplies was in the Baptist Church—seems like the irony of fate that the Baptist, of all the churches in town, should have been the only dry one. All the able-bodied from the dry sections worked there, getting food supplies ready. That's where Willie got mine, but some of these people had queer experiences. The women worked as hard as they could packing baskets, and the men, in high boots, splashed through the streets to the boats and canoes. I saw them going past here, but I din't hear till after how they found families sitting on the roofs of their houses, the little children clinging to their mother, and crying from cold and hunger. Lots of people wouldn't leave till their horses or cows or various pets were rescued.

"And the way some people cooked. Mrs. Bream was here this morning. She's president of the missionary society, and she said she took pieces of an old chair and paper and made a fire in a big iron soap kettle. It boiled coffee and broiled ham. Her married daughter has a wood fireplace in her house. She and her husband went down cellar and fished enough wood off the top of a pile to make a fire. It took it a long time to start, being wet, but it finally made a fine blaze. In the coals they roasted potatoes, and said it was as good as a picnic. It was a great promoter of good feeling. Families shared with each other their wood and their food, and I understand, a good many coal oil stoves and lamps changed hands.

"I do pity Mr. Smithers, the grocer. The day before the flood he had a carload of sugar waiting to be delivered; the day after he had a load of empty sacks. Mrs. Smithers'll have tea towels to give away, won't she?

"I like to dry glasses on old sugar bags.

"Yes, of course, I'm in bad shape, but I'm cheerful. I don't intend to cry over it. I'll get righted in time, just like the rest. See what I'm doing; I'm not washing a dish, or trying to clean up, I'm just making some cough medicine, hops and loaf sugar, for the Smithers' baby. This stuff will cure pneumonia! I just thought I'd feel better to do something for somebody else, instead of contemplating my own ruins. I don't like to dwell on my own misfortunes, especially when others are so much worse.

"Let's go out and look around the garden. Seems funny that right here, in the heart of the town, at the back of this old brick house, which shows only walls and windows to the street, grows my old fashioned garden.

Dear, me, there's somebody doorsteps on top of my yellow lilies. Well, that'll spoil them, because they were just pushing their heads out of the ground.

"What's that all over my narcissus? Oh, I remember, it's salt; I dumped out a lot of wet salt yesterday. Here's a pink peony that's just getting well up in the world; that table ought not to be lying over it. Kind of interesting to see the things that come your way in a flood, isn't it.

"Oh, don't hurry, I like to stand out in the sun, and look at my little grass plot and garden. Thank Heaven, that is spared; in some towns, gardens even were washed away. How much there always is to be thankful for.

"Now, don't forget to come to see me when I get my house cleaned."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for Health, Happiness and Good cheer.

A COUNTRY CLUB

I want to tell the lonely isolated farmers' wives —of which I fear there are many—of our beloved club. Less than a year ago, a few of our country women, feeling the need of a society for the upbuilding of a spirit of co-operation in regard to pure speech, met together. Having learned of a society called "The Purity Club" we adopted the same imposing name. The main object being to carry our flowers, our smiles, our kind words not to the home of our neighbor after death, who we knew by sight, but to whose home we had taken no trouble to go for months, but to meet while living alphabetically, bringing our choicest flowers during the summer season and magazine or papers in winter to leave behind—feeling this is a work of love, and sweet good will; purity of spech; of life; of home making, carrying the thought into our dress, especially for our girls. The extreme dress of the present, tight skirts, open work waists, short sleeves in which mothers deck their young daughters, deliberately courts danger.

Our next topic is Mothers' Meeting, in which no doubt the thought of modest dressing will be thoroughly discussed. "Home, and how to make it one of purity and love, and just the best kind to raise our sons and daughters in," was the theme of our last meeting, and the noble thoughts so beautifully expressed certainly were a blessing to each one of us. The lunch is very simple, easily prepared, only two kinds of food allowed, and one to drink, making entertaining a pleasure rather than a burden. Each has a singing book and the helpful old hymns we all love ring out filling our hearts with joy and courage. A chapter from "Father's Chart"—He gave us to guide us on life's seas, is always read, followed by prayers by chaplain for heavenly guidance and strength to do our best, to help make the world better and purer, followed by recitations, readings and an article is occasionally written by a member. Roll call is responded to by a verse of scripture or quotation from some noted poet or great man. In closing we sing "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again," or "Blest Be the Tie That Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love," and feel our hearts warmed and blessed for our meeting together in His dear name.——Interested Mother.

I am sure we are all interested in such club work. Let us hear from more of these splendid organizations. —M. H.

THE MAN IN THE RUT

Of all the deplorable pitiable characters, there is none more to be pitied than the man in the rut. He regards it as meritorious that he has the muscular power to wiggle his ears. He has no individuality, no originality, no ambition. Progress is an obsolete expression in his vocabulary. He will tell you that his ways were his father's ways and his grandfather's also, and he thinks he is obeying the scriptural precept: "Honor they father and thy mother," by strictly following in their footsteps.

It is a righteous principle to copy the noble deeds and traits of our ancestors, but an unrighteous principle to adopt their follies. There is no duty more honorable to our parents than that of climbing higher and delving deeper than they in search of better things.

The man in the rut may be found in school, in the church, on the farm, in the legislatures, and even in the presidential chair of a republic, or on the throne of a kingdom. There is no avocation exempt from his pernicious presence and influence. Like the waters of a stagnant pool, he remains stationary, never moving from the beaten track, and by his sophistry among the credulous, retards, to a great extent, the naturally progressive spirit of the age. By ignoring the possibilities of brain devolopment and its magnificent results, he becomes a mere automatum; an animal, whose muscles alone constitute the sum total of his vital forces.—H. J. B., Pa.

A YOUNG GIRL'S SUGGESTION

A holder ith "Polly put the (picture of a kettle) on," outlined, is an ideal gift for a housewife. I should be delighted to correspond with girls of about my age from Oregon, California or Washington. I will close with best wishes to all.—Bessie S. Norton, Turtle Point, McKean Co., Pa.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Live Christmas Present.

I am a little girl 8 years old and live in Chandler, Indiana. Old Santa Claus brought me a little sister and we named her Stella. I'm glad she wasn't a boy, for boys are so bad. I have a little cousin, James Hougland, and he just climbs up on the bed and table and everything. I take music lessons on Saturday. I have for pets a dog and cat. I wrote Santa Claus a letter and wanted a big doll and a little sister. I got them both.

Little boys try not to be bad, but they just have to climb around a lot. —M. H.

New Use for Waste Basket.

I have a pony for a pet. His name is Beauty. He will eat sugar from my hand. If all you Blade boys and girls and the dear editor will come and visit me this summer I will let you all take a ride. We will all go fishing and take our dinner. Tell the editor to bring the waste basket along to carry our dinner in. My school is out and I was neither tardy nor absent during the term. My teacher gave me a nice book for a prize. I am 11 years old and I am learning to sew and cook. I want to learn to be a nice housekeeper. I think every girl should learn to keep house. Love to all the cousins and the editor. My name is—Blue Eyes from North Missouri.

From Minnesota.

I am from Minnesota, and I wish some of the children whose parents take this paper would write, especially someone who lives near me. Would like to see her letter, and it would be a good one, I am quite sure. Would exchange postcards with all I can. Lenna, your riddle certainly is hard. How are the poems? I will exchange letters with you, Blue Eyes from the Ozarks. How old are you? I am 11 and in the fifth grade.—Eva Crofoot, Rochester, Minn.

From Corning.

Dear Boys and Girls—I live in a dear old city called Corning, in New York state. I have always lived here except four years, which I spent in Pennsylvania. I go to school every day and have to walk 2½ miles every night and morning. I am in first year high school. The school I go to is called the North Side school. It is a grand old school. My hobbies are books and music. I help mamma with the housework. I have two mischievous brothers and three sisters older than I.—Laura F. Betts.

SHORT AND SWEET

Nellie Skidmore, Sutton, Wa., enjoys The Blade letters and would like cards.

Gladys Moody, Byrdstown, Tenn., has a birthday June 9, and would like to hear from any boys or girls who have birthdays then.

Reginald J. Brosslaw, Brandage, Vt., wishes to exchange views of your vicinity with his.

Kenneth Murphy is a Barnesville, O., boy. His hobby is playing ball.

Gladys Sikens, Beaver Dam, Ky., has a post card album and would be glad if you would send cards.

Gail Scott, Allensville, O., has a chicken and a kitten for pets.

Genevieve and Lillian Holter, Racine, O., each have a pet bantam chicken, beside kittens and a horse named Nell.

Beatrice May Dougles, Dike, W. Va., loves birds and books, but babies she loves best of all.

Myrtle Scott, of Masonville, N. Y., would enjoy postcards from the boys and girls. Her mother is dead, but she has her father and sister, to whom she is a great comfort.

Our Correspondents

Can you tell me where I can procure a copy of an old book called The Columbian Orator? May be out of print. I don't remember the author. I have been trying for three years to find a copy—S. C. N.

Frank Bolan, Boiling Springs, Pa., is a cripple, 76 years old, who likes to read The Blade, and will enjoy cards.

Lula Tanner, Watson, W. Va., a shut-in, would enjoy cards.

Monroe, Delos and Sidney Watson, Higdon's Store, Ga., three crippled brothers, would enjoy cards.

J. I. P.—I noticed in the Peace Page that you are a boy 60 years young, and that your hobby is declamation or recitations. I am 64 years young and my hobby is the same. I have over 60 recitations.—Mrs. M. E., Lafayette, Ind.

How many of the Cozy Cornerers ever saw a cocoon? We found two of them in the woods about a month ago and pinned them on the kitchen wall, and one of them has hatched the most beautiful butterfly I ever saw.—Mrs. J. B., Mich.

H. B. Shutts, New Richmond, O., is 80 years old, and says that he has always kept a child's heart. He reads the Peace Page every week from the first item to the last poem. He says "I want to come in somewhere and be one of you." You are thrice welcome to the Peace Page, Mr. Shutts. May it send you greetings on your hundredth birthday.—M. H.

Please some one tell me how the edges of the burlap are finished when you make a hooked rug? Are the little three-eighths inch loops left in loop form or are they clipped when rug is finished? Do you leave the loops just the same on the under side at the top? And you can use any other material besides flannel?—Kate.

"Humphrey" of Georgia sends a word of counsel to young men intending to marry. He says, be sure to marry a girl of the same religious denomination, as it ensures a more harmonious life together.

We have recently purchased a farm and moved on it. The dining room in our house is finished in oak and varnished, but some of the renters have painted it light blue. Is there any way I could remove the paint without sand papering? Please help me if you can and very much oblige Mrs. G. W. B., Pa.

I am a soldier stationed at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii Islands, 27 miles from Honolulu. The climate is fine here; it is summer the year around, but during the winter months the nights are cool. We live in tents with four men in a tent. I like living in tents better than barracks. The principle crop here is sugar cane, but they raise fine apples and bananas also.—A Soldier.

I should like to know how the reader from Snokomish, Washington, keeps cabbage through the winter until May.—Mrs. DeW., Neb.

I don't know what I would do if I didn't have the Blade. I love every corner of the Peace Page, and get so much help from it.—Mrs. S. S., Ind.

Be sure to write that promised Cozy Corner letter, Mrs. S. We want to hear from you.—M. H.

Mrs. I. N. Vanmetter, Macombe, Ills., is a dear old Blade reader, who would enjoy cards.

Bessie Belle Ballard, Millington, Mass., an afflicted little girl, needs cards.

A HOUSEWIFE'S SECRET

Never put white clothing away in a closet drawer, for it will very soon become yellow.

Place it carefully away wrapped in blue paper, or even a dark blue cloth, and it will come out looking as white as ever it was, no matter how long it lies.

To whiten clothes that have become yellow, steep them over night in lukewarm water, and in the morning wash them in clean soapsuds; then put them in the boiler with some bits of soap and a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil for 20 minutes, rinse immediately, and then let them lie for another night in clean cold water to which a little borax has been added.

Julia Marlowe's Favorite Painting

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

JOHN FAED'S famous group, Shakespeare and His Contemporaries, is one of the most popular paintings of the Corcoran Gallery at Washington City. W. W. Corcoran, the founder of the gallery, purchased this picture about 60 years ago. It was in his private collection when he gave it to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, on May 10, 1869. The painting bears no date, and it is 53 inches in height, by 68 in width. It is the favorite picture of Julia Marlowe, who in a recent interview talked about it most entertainingly.

"The choice of the Chandos, and the so-called Stratford portraits, as models by John Faed was a happy selection," Miss Marlowe said. "This bearded likeness of Shakespeare is the one which comes nearest to our ideal of the poet's outer presentment. We have, I believe, but one personal description of the bard, and that from the pen of John Aubrey, who obtained his data from friends of the poet. Shakespeare, he wrote, displayed in his dress some degree of refinement harmonizing with the expression of his pale, tranquil face, his intellectual forehead and thoughtful eyes.

"The Ely Palace and the Droeshout are nothing like so agreeable as the Stratford and Chandos portraits. In the latter, the poet, except for the mustache, is smooth shaven. While the Stratford and Chandos likenesses may be purely imaginary compositions, they better satisfy the mind; they are more agreeable and prepossessing.

"John Faed's selection, therefore, long ago met with popular approval; has served to immortalize a poor Scotch artist who would otherwise be unknown. He had a long life—born in 1820, he did not pass away until 1902. Pictures of this kind seem to 'run in the family,' as the saying goes, for his brother, Thomas, achieved lasting fame in consequence of his picture of Sir Walter Scott and his friends—a spirited and popular composition.

"It is doubtful if any modern painting has been so frequently engraved as John Faed's 'Shakespeare and His Contemporaries.' It is to be found in almost every household in some form or other, where the steel engraving, copper plate, or photogravure are looked on with favor. On account of the beauty of the picture as well as an innate love of Shakespeare and his works, many have given it a place on the study walls.

"In supplying portraits for the personages of this charming group other than Shakespeare, the artist was on surer and safer ground. Likenesses in one form or another of Shakespeare's contemporaries came easily to hand.

"It is a curious circumstance that of these 14 known acquaintances of the Bard of Avon, but one of the group mentioned him in his works, the same being Ben Johnson. Some of the persons in this picture are now almost entirely unknown—except, of course, to ethusiastic students of English literature. The most inconsequential of the group—say, Sylvester, Camden and Daniel—had immortality at hand with a stroke of the pen. Little did these men imagine the opportunity that was open before them! Shakespeare was so well known to all of these men; yet, not one of them, except Jonson, thought it worth while, evidently, to write about him.

"But what a noble company has John Faed assembled—the pick and the flower of Elizabethern genius. Emerson said of these men: 'Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society.'

"To the extreme left in the group stands Joshua Sylvester, born one year before, died one year after Shakespeare. Now almost entirely unknown, he was the author of a diatribe with a curious title: 'Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered about their ears, that idely Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, or at least overlove so toothsome a Vanity, by a Valley of Holy shot Thundered from Mount Holicon.' Next to Sylvester stands John Selden, whose 'Table Talk' is read during our day. Thirty-two years of age when the bard died, he lived thirty-eight years after—the last of this splendid company. On the left corner of the table, opposite Shakespeare, sits William Camden, the antiquarian, who outlived the poet by seven years. On Camden's left is Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, famous for his 'Introduction to the Mirror of Magistrates.' He died eight years before Shakespeare. Seated at the table, to the left of Sackville, is John Fletcher, and just back of him stands Francis Beaumont—an immortal pair. Thomas Sackville and Francis Beaumont are the only ones of the group who did not survive the poet.

"Beaumont died one month before Shakespeare, while Fletcher survived his brother poets by nine years. It is generally admitted that Fletcher and Shakespeare collaborated on several plays. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, during their day, were even more popular than Shakespeare's, but are rarely seen on the stage of our time. In front of Beaumont we discover Francis Bacon, whom Pope referred to as the 'brightest, wisest, meanest of mankind' — the latter phrase referring to Bacon's treatment of his friend, the Earl of Essex. Bacon outlived Shakespeare 10 years.

"Ben Johnson, who owed to Shakespeare the acceptance of his first play, is seated to Shakespeare's right. When the bard's works were published in 1623, Johnson contributed the famous lines to Shakespeare's picture, and the commendatory verses—a splendid eulogy of the poet, in which he said of his friend: 'He was not of an age, but for all time;' and in his 'Discoveries,' he wrote of him: 'I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry.' Johnson outlived Shakespeare 21 years.

Back of Jonson is John Donne—sometime poet, historian, essayist and called 'the greatest preacher of the seventeenth century.' He lived 15 years after Shakespeare. Back of Donne is Samuel Daniel, poet and dramatist, he outlived the bard by three years. To the poet's left stands Sir Walter Raleigh—poet and courier, soldier and historian—the most picturesque figure of his age. He was beheaded two years after Shakespeare was laid to rest at Stratford. Henry Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton, who proved a noble friend to Shakespeare, stands to the right of Raleigh. He is supposed to be the 'Mr. H. W.' of the sonnets. Lucrece and the sonnets were dedicated to him by the bard.

"Seated at Southampton's left is Sir Robert Cotton, the antiquarian, who died the same year as John Donne. The last is Thomas Dekker, the dramatist, who is at the extreme right of the picture, and who outlived Shakespeare 25 years.

"As all these supremely talented men lived in London at the time of Shakespeare, it is not at all unlikely that many a Sunday evening, when the bard was unoccupied as a player or as dramatist, that Raleigh, Southampton, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Bacon and others dropped in and formed just such a group as the good Scotch painter, John Faed, has spread so gracefully on his living canvas."

A Line a Day

A good paper is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. I have for years been a subscriber for this paper, and shall continue to be, for The Blade excels all in quality and merit.—C. E. B., Va.

I enjoy the Peace Page so much. So many comforting, cheerful words to cheer the sick and afflicted.—Mrs. W. G., Iowa.

I have been greatly benefited by reading some of the sisters' letters. We all have our dark days along with the bright ones. There is nothing so helpful as to know that there are others who know and sympathize with us when the dark days come.—Your Mountain Sister.

One thing we should never forget: We are either going backwards or forwards.—Evening Star.

This world is not so bad a world as some would like to make it, though whether good or whether bad, it depends on how we take it.—R. F. C., Iowa.

Some tell about their hobbies. If I have any it is making friends, and walking in the Light and telling strangers to God of His love and the joys of salvation.—M. H., Va.

I am so fond of reading the letters. It helps me to be happy to hear from so many happy people. I think we all have a great many things to be happy for. If we put our trust in the One who is able to carry us through the trials of life we can find happiness. If we truly love our Savior He can make our pathway bright.—Mrs. M. C., Illinois.

POST CARD EXCHANGE

Mauree Brannon, Rilla, West Virginia.

Mary Copenhaver, Wallace, West Virginia.

Bernice Kinney, Shinklehouse, Pa.

Geraldine Brown, Guernsey, Ohio.

Delos Castator, South Milford, Ind.

Mae Brown, Guernsey, Ohio.

Maggie Stevenson, Leon, West Virginia.

Gertrude Shroyer, Mill Run, Pa.

Lottie Dorsey, Drennen, West Virginia.

Ocie Grimes, Coalton, Ohio.

Laura Franklin, Ulster, Pa.

Minnie Pritchard, Gardner, West Virginia.

Mary Higginbotham, Liberty, W. Va.

Carl Cartright, Newville, W. Va.

Mabel Gentil, Coalton, Ohio.

Wilda Pressler, Kimmel, Ind.

Jessie L. Skidmore, Newville, W. Va.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

IS THE NOVEL HARMFUL?

Although I don't think there is any harm in reading novels, I do not think a person should waste time in reading trashy, sentimental novels when there are so many good books to read. There is nothing better can be read than a religious novel, such as Ben Hur and The Prince of the House of David; also historical novels and those that contain descriptions of different countries and people, telling their habits, and occupations.—Bookworm, of Ohio.

THE HERMITAGE

Twelve miles from Nashville, Tenn., stands the beautiful Hermitage, once the home of President Andrew Jackson. It is greatly due to the persevering efforts of the ladies of the Hermitage Association that this fine historic place did not pass into other hands some years ago. These noble ladies see to it that it is well preserved, and the interior still has the rooms as they were in the general's lifetime. When I last visited the sacred spot where now lies the wife beside her husband, in the quiet home burial place, I also saw the old log cabin, built by the general, and his first residence. General Andrew Jackson had for a nickname "Old Hickory." Whether from the fact of his character of strength and perseverance or the knowledge that his home was surrounded by a forest of hickory trees I am unable to say; but we love to think of the Hermitage as the home of "Old Hickory."—D. E. W.

A YOUNG FOREMAN

I am foreman on a lumber train and have to keep on the move, so I can safely promise not to stay very long.

How many of you want to come and take a ride with me to get a load of lumber? We will start from Gauley Bridge and travel up Scrabble Creek.

I think I could show you a nice time. I could show you some lovely scenery, anyway, and I will promise that the engine won't turn over more than three times till we reach the head of the hollow, or at least it never has, so far.

Oregon Bach, where are you keeping yourself these days? I think it's time you were getting busy. Write us a long letter and tell something about Oregon. Maybe you have done so already, but if you did I missed the number.—Lightfoot, W. Va.

A BLIND PET

Would you like to know how I get around without seeing? I must tell you that I rarely ever hurt myself against things, as I am careful to not run so fast as I used to before I lost my sight. Once I fell off of a high bridge, which scared me very much, but was not seriously hurt; that was the first that my mistress knew I was blind, and she has never let me cross bridges since without leading me. I find places and know people by the sense of smell. I can keep a sidewalk as well as anyone and never run off or hit a telephone pole.

I have a good time and am bright and cheerful and ready to wag my tail at any time, when a friendly word or a pat on the head is given me; besides I know my mistress loves me and takes good care of me. I am very fond of sweet things, especially candy, but don't like chewing gum, as it gets in my teeth. I have always slept on a couch in the room with my mistress. I don't believe I will tell you my age, as little dogs, like some people, want to keep that a secret. But I will tell you my name and birthplace. My name is Fritz and I was born in Bristol, Tenn., but my home now is in a beautiful town not far from there. —Written by His Mistress.

A VETERAN TREE PLANTER

Eli Barton, of New York state, writes: "A shower of greetings and good wishes came to me on my ninetieth anniversary, and I am now started on the tenth decade of my life. Last October I dug and set 20 sugar maples, to adorn and protect the farmhouse on Cold Spring farm, New York, and am planning to fill in and set more this spring.

"Why should I plant trees? I shall never live to see them grow." So said those that lived on the old homestead before it came into my possession 44 years ago. It was as bare of trees and shade as the Desert of Sahara. Today it is a thing of beauty and comfort on a sunny summer day; sugar maples 16 inches in diameter and elms 20 inches in diameter and 50 feet high, with arms reaching out into the long-forgotten past, with orioles building their homes and rearing their young, secure in the swaying branches.

POETS' CORNER

TWO BROTHERS

I've got a little brother—
He came the other day;
He keeps his hands a-waving
In an awful funny way.
He's got a snap, I tell you—
Jes' eats and winks and blinks,
And looks up at the ceiling,
I wonder what he thinks.

It makes me kinder jealous—
I asked Ma why he came;
She only laughed and tol' me
The angels were to blame.
I don't see why the angels
Can't mind their own affairs—
But gee, he's kinder cute, though:
He ain't got any hairs!

I've got another brother—
He came here just today;
He married sister Myrtle
And now he's going to stay
He's got a snap, I tell you,
Jes' eats and sits around.
And sister keeps on teaching;
Ma calls him "lazy hound."

It makes me kinder jealous—
I asked Pa why he came;
He only swore an' tol' me
That sister was to blame.
If sister and the angels
Keep on a-gitting gay
And bringing home new brothers
I'm going to run away!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

GEOGRAPHICAL RHYMES

By Peter Parley.

The world is round and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air.
A sky extends around it all
And stars are shining there.

Water and land upon the face
Of this round world we see.
The land is man's safe dwelling place,
But ships sail on the sea.

Two mighty continents there are
And many islands, too,
And mountains, hills and valleys there
With level plains we view.

The oceans, like the broad blue sky,
Extend around the sphere,
While seas, and lakes, and rivers, lie
Unfolded, bright and clear.

Around the earth, on every side,
Where hills and plains are spread,
The various tribes of men abide,
White, black and copper red.

And animals and plants there be,
Of various name and form,
And in the bosom of the sea
All sorts of fishes swarm.

And now geography doth tell,
Of these full many a story,
And if you learn your lessons well,
I'll set them all before you.

PLAIN CAT

Our neighbor's cat is Persian, the Jones' is Maltese;
Aunty's big Angora has feathers to her knees
(At least they look like feathers), and a tail so big and white;
When that kitty meets a puppy dog I tell you it's a sight.
But when I ask, "What breed is mine, my pussy, sleek and fat?"
They laugh and pull my curls and say, "I fear—just cat."

It's true her eyes aren't yellow, and her tail is rather small;
I don't know if she ever had a pedigree at all.
(That big word means her mother, her grandma, too, they say;
That they all took prizes at a show, were marked a special way.)
What do I care for markings, for prizes, and all that?
My kitty's just as precious, if she is just cat!

She was the dearest kitten, all scamper and all fur!
Not one of all my pets could make me laugh like her.
She may be very common, but I know she's good and true.
For she meets me when I come from school with a loving little mew;
And, when she's round, we never see a naughty mouse or rat.
And I believe I love her better 'cause she's just plain cat!

PLANT TREES

Henry Abbey.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plan the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the masts to carry the sails,
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me,
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that outtowers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

GENTLE ANNIE

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flower thy spirit did depart.
Thou art gone, alas, like the many
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

Chorus.

Shall we never more behold thee
Never hear thy winning voice again
When the springtime comes, Gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain?

We have roamed and loved mid the flowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom.
Now I stand alone mid the flowers
While they mingle their perfumes o'er my tomb.

Ah, the hours grow sad while I ponder
Near the silent spot where thou art laid
And my heart bows down when I wander
Through the fields and meadows where we strayed.

OPPORTUNITY

John J. Ingalls.

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

WOMAN'S WORTH

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place on earth or in heaven.
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe;
There's not a whispered yes or no;
There's not a sickness, death or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By Phoebe Cary.

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way people do—
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER

I've been thinking of late
Of the time that has passed away
A friend who would stand by my side,
Of my dear old mother's knee,
Which around I used to play;
I missed her sweet face when she died.
How well I loved her no one can tell,
Like her I never loved another.
It always gives her joy to kiss her darling boy
A boy's best friend is his mother.

Chorus.

Then treat her kindly while she is here,
For when she's gone you'll get none other.
A friend in my need was a friend to me indeed,
God bless her, my own dear mother.

Then always try to treat
Your old mother with respect,
For she is the one who cares for you;
And never for once
Her dear old wants neglect,
Your mother so tried and true;
For when she is laid in her cold grave,
Like her you will never get another,
And when the flowers sadly o'er her wave
You will think of your dear old mother.

MOTHER'S APPEAL TO HER BOY

A mother was bidding goodby to her boy,
He was going to leave her that morn;
'Twas hard to depart from the one that he loved,
And the humble cot where he was born.
He cherished the parting advice that she gave
With the love that a mother can feel;
In vain he endeavored his tears to restrain,
When he heard his fond mother's appeal,

Chorus.

Be faithful and fearless, devoted and true,
Be manly in sorrow or joy;
In trials remember 'tis darkest ere dawn,
Was a mother's appeal to her boy.

The years glided by and he wandered afar;
Oft like a poor exile he'd roam,
In moments of sorrow his heart would be cheered
When he thought of his mother at home.
She always said: "Boy, never yield to despair;
There's no pleasure without its alloy."
They never more met, but he ne'er can forget
The appeal that she made to her boy.

SIR GALAHAD

Grace Evangeline Libbey.

There's a call for men, Sir Galahads!
Galahads, oh, who will be?
Who'll seek as of old,
Like a warrior bold,
The Grail on land and sea?

Who'll go again on perilous ride,
On a journey fraught with pain,
And seek for the Grail,
In the armed mail,
And bring it home again?

There's pain ahead for the warrior knight,
There are storm clouds in the sky;
And rough is the road,
And heavy the load
And danger is ever nigh.

Who'll answer the call? For truth and right,
Whose courage will never fail?
And in righteous cause,
Will never pause,
But return with the Holy Grail?

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

By Anne Barry Crawford.

Kathleen Mavourneen! The grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumb'ring still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever:
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart,
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen.

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah; where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years, and it may be forever:
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart,
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

WOMAN SUFFERED TEN YEARS

From Nervousness Caused by Female Ills—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Auburn, N. Y.—"I suffered from nervousness for ten years, and had such organic pains that sometimes I would lie in bed four days at a time, could not eat or sleep and did not want anyone to talk to me or bother me at all. Sometimes I would suffer for seven hours at a time. Different doctors did the best they could for me until four months ago I began giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and now I am in good health."—Mrs. WILLIAM H. GILL, 15 Pleasant Street, Auburn, New York.

"Doctor's Daughter Took It."

St. Cloud, Minn.—"I was so run down by overwork and worry that I could not stand it to have my children talk aloud or walk heavy on the floor. One of my friends said, 'Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I know a doctor's daughter here in town who takes it and she would not take it if it were not good.'

"I sent for the Compound at once and kept on taking it until I was all right."—Mrs BERTHA M. QUICKSTADT, 727 5th Avenue, S., St. Cloud, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon as the most efficient remedy for female ills. Why don't you try it?

The Best Tonic For Spring Use

(The Home Doctor.)

"To best cleanse the system and rid the blood of those impurities which cause drowsiness, spring fever, sluggish action of the liver and general spring sickness, there is nothing quite so good as a home-made kardene tonic, prepared as follows: Get from any drug store ½ pint alcohol and one ounce kardene; mix these with ½ cupful sugar then add hot water to make a quart.

"No matter how lacking in strength and energy or how run-down one may be, a tablespoonful of this splendid tonic taken before meals will soon purify the blood, fill one with energy and the feeling of perfect health, and remove all pimples or sallowness. This simple, inexpensive system-tonic is a perfect liver-regulator and will do wonders as a family medicine in preventing sickness."

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M. D. Dept. S, Whetzel Bldg., 236 North 40th Ave., Chicago.

Dickens, Sportsman

Windsor Magazine.

WALTER CROTCH, whose book on Dickens as a social reformer was recently published, points out the fact that in spite of all that has been written on the novelist and his work, nobody has so far thought it worth while to touch upon one aspect of his novels, viewed from which he becomes one of the most vivacious exponents of sport in our literature. He had an intense sympathy with sportsmen; his love of open air and rapid motion, as exemplified in coaching, are characteristic features of his work, and one has only to read the "Pickwick Papers" to realize the strength of his sporting instincts.

The original conception of "Pickwick" was that it was to be a collection of humorous sketches depicting the adventures and misadventures of a sporting club. As the author said in his original preface: "There was a notion * * * that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing" the plates by Seymour round which it was originally proposed that the text should be written.

"Pickwick," of course, contains the richest ore of sportsmenship in the Dickensian mine. Here we have the president of the Pickwick Club on the ice, Winkle's shooting prowess when he aims at the pigeon and kills the crow, shoots at the crow and wounds the pigeon; the immortal match between the Dingley Dell Cricket Club and the All Muggleton Eleven, Mr. Winkle's unskilful equitation, and the shooting picnic at Bury St. Edmunds.

And there is Lord Mutanhed, the typical "nut" of the period, with his imitation mailcart, "the neatest, pwettiest, gwacefullest thing that ever wan upon wheels. Painted wed with a gweam plebaid."

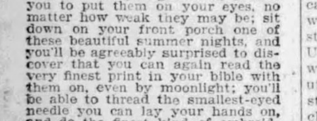
The theme is by no means exhausted in the transactions of the Pickwick Club. In Dombey and Son we have a vivid portrait of the old style of "bruiser" in the person of the "Game Chicken," who instructed the amiable Mr. Toots in the noble art. And there is the Reverend Minor Canon Crisparkle, in Edwin Drood, who "could do a bit with his hands quietly," and was in the habit of boxing at a looking glass "with great science and prowess," after breaking the ice near Cloisterham Weir in the course of his morning swim. Dickens himself was no mere describer of sporting prowess. He was a good horseman, and his walking feats are in their way legendary. He once walked to St. Albans before breakfast, and on his second lecturing tour in the United States he found time to umpire a walking match, after having previously gone over part of the course at a good, swinging pace.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

When you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight; you'll be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.



Or, if you like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top and distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself, and after a thorough try-out, if you find that they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance.

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write name, address and age below.

DR. HAUX
The Spectacle Man
ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete payment of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is.....

Name .....

Postoffice .....

R. F. D..... Box..... State.....

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

SOLDIERS' HOME

Kindly tell the requirements of entrance to the Soldiers' Home at Washington, D. C.—D. D. K., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The United States Soldiers' Home at Washington, D. C., receives and maintains discharged soldiers of the regular army. All soldiers who have served 20 years as enlisted men in the army, and all soldiers of less than 20 years' service who have insurred such disability, by wounds, disease, or injuries in the line of duty while in the regular army, as unfits them for further service, are entitled to the benefits of the home. A pensioner who enters the home may assign his pension, or any part of it, to his child, wife, or parent, by filing written notice with the agent who pays him. If not so assigned it is drawn by the treasurer of the home and held in trust for the pensioner.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

Will you kindly give a description of the Battle of New Orleans?—G. M., Bon Agna, Tenn.

The Battle of New Orleans was an engagement fought on January 8, 1815, between a force of 12,000 British under Sir Edward Pakenham, and one of 6,000 Americans under General Andrew Jackson. The latter were in a strongly trenched position and awaited Pakenham's assault on their lines. The battle lasted only 25 minutes, when the British fled, leaving behind them 2,000 killed and wounded. Pakenham was among the slain. The American loss was only eight killed and 13 wounded. In this battle the weight and precision of the American fire were such that no troops in the world could have stood against it. One British regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, distinguished for its services in many parts of the world, lost more than half of its men, having been brought to a point where it could do no good, but where it could be most effectually operated upon by the Americans. The British troops were badly handled.

DAVID CROCKETT

I would like to have you give a sketch of the life of David Crockett.—P. O. P., Salem, Va.

David Crockett was born on the Nolachucky river, Tennessee, August 17, 1786; died in Texas, March 6, 1836. His father kept a tavern on the road to Knoxville. He fled from home because of a quarrel with the schoolmaster on his fourth day in school. For five years he roamed around with drovers and teamsters. In his 18th year he returned home, attended school for two months, learning his letters for the first time. He soon after married and went to live in the wildest portions of the state, subsisting chiefly by hunting. In 1813 he served in the Creek war under General Jackson. He then settled at Shoal Creek. He served in the state legislature, and in 1827 was elected to congress. In Washington his rough manners and coarse speech gained him notoriety. In 1829 he was re-elected, and in 1831, as he had then became an opponent of Jackson, and the latter was irresistible in Tennessee, Crockett went to Texas, which was fighting against Mexico for her independence. He was one of the six survivors of the Alamo, and was shot after his surrender by the Mexicans.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Will you please give a brief biography of Joel Chandler Harris?—C. E. B., Fairmont, W. Va.

Joel Chandler Harris, the American journalist and author, was born in Georgia, December 8, 1848, and died July 3, 1908. He began his career as a printer's apprentice. He was connected with the Atlanta Constitution for 25 years. The series of Uncle Remus sketches and songs which gave him an international reputation were first printed in the Constitution. His published books include: The Folk Lore of the Old Plantation, Nights With Uncle Remus, Mingo and Other Sketches, Daddy Jake, the Runaway, Free Joe and Other Stories, Balaam and His Master, and many others.

CITY OF MEROE

Kindly give a description of the city of Meroe.—E. H., Mich.

Meroe was a city and state of ancient Ethiopia in the northwestern part of Africa. The city is still represented by ruins and pyramids near Kabati on the Nile north of Khartum, and the state forms the district often spoken of as the Isle of Meroe, extending southeast to Abssinia, and in the northwest forming a part of Nubia. It was distinguished for its mineral and cereal wealth, and at an early date was the center of an active and varied commerce, including the great caravan trade between Ethiopia, Egypt, Arabia, northern Africa and India. The government was in the hands of a caste of priests, who chose a king who was obliged to live and act according to certain prescribed rules. The priests could sentence the king to death in the name of the gods, and he was forced to submit. The priests were of a lighter complexion than the other inhabitants, and may have come from India. Meroe and Axum, which appears to have been a colony of Meroe, remained the center of the southern commerce until the time of the Arablans. The existing monuments of their architecture, and many other vestiges, exhibih an advanced religious and social cultivation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I would like to have the Question Bureau give a short sketch of the life of Abraham Lincoln—P. O., Emlenton, Pa.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865. He was the sixteenth President of the United States. He was descended from a Quaker family, of English origin, residing in the middle of the eighteenth century in Berks county, Pennsylvania. His grandfather emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky about 1780. His father, Thomas Lincoln, settled with his family in Indiana in 1816, and in Illinois in 1830. His mother was Nancy Hanks, Thomas Lincoln's first wife. He left his father's home soon after settling in Illinois, and after following various occupations, including those of a farm laborer, a salesman, a merchant and a surveyor, was admitted to the bar in 1836 and began the practice of law at Springfield in 1837.

He served first as captain and afterward as a private in the Black Hawk war in 1832; was a Whig member of of the Illinois state legislature 1834-42, and was a Whig member of congress from Illinois 1847-1849. In 1858, as Republican candidate for the United States senate he held a series of joint discussions throughout Illinois with the Democratic candidate, Stephen A. Douglas, in which he took a pronounced stand against the institution of slavery. This debate attracted the attention of the country, and in 1860 he was nominated as candidate for President by the Republican party.

The disunion of the Democratic party secured for him an easy victory. He received 180 electoral votes against 72 for John C. Breceknridge, candidate of the southern Democrats; 39 for John Bell, candidate of the Constitutional Union party, and 12 for Stephen A. Douglas, candidate of the northern Democrats, and was inaugurated March 4, 1861.

His election was the signal for the secession, one after another, of the slave states of the south, and for the organization of the confederate states. Hostilities began with an attack on the secessionists of South Carolina on the federal troops at Fort Sumter, April 2, 1861. The fort surrendered on the 13th.

On the 15th a call was issued by the President for 75,000 volunteers, and the control of events passed from the cabinet to the camp. He proclaimed a blockade of southern ports April 19, 1861, and September 22, 1862, issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves in states or parts of states which should be in rebellion on January 1, 1863. He was re-elecetd President by the Republican party in 1864, receiving 212 electoral votes against 21 for George B. McClellan, candidate of the Democratic party. He began his second term of office March 4, 1865. He entered Richmond with the federal army April 4, 1865, two days after the flight of the confederate government, and was occupied with plans for the reconstruction of the south when he was shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theatre, Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865, and died on the following day.

THE WALKING PURCHASE

Will you please tell something of the Walking Purchase?—D. R., East Schodack, N. Y.

In 1682 William Penn purchased of the Delaware Indians a tract of land in the present counties of Bucks and Northampton, Pa., bounded on the east by the Delaware river, and in the interior at a point as far as a man could walk in three days. Penn and a party of Indians started on the walk, beginning at the mouth of Neshaming creek. At the end of a walk of a day and a half Penn concluded that it was as much land as he wanted and a deed was given to the lands at that point—about 40 miles from the starting place. In 1737, after Penn's death, the tract was increased by a party of expert walkers to a point 70 miles in the interior instead of 40.

LAPLAND

Please tell what you can concerning the people and country of Lapland.—J. E. M., Indiana.

Lapland is an extensive territory in the north part of Europe. It covers about 130,000 square miles from the shores of Norway to the White sea. More than half of the country belongs to Russia, and the rest is shared equally by Norway and Sweden. It is one of the most forbidding regions in the world, consisting either of rugged mountains, some of them covered with perpetual snow, or of vast tracts covered with moorland wastes. The whole country was originally occupied by the Lapps, but later its southern and better portions were encroached upon by Norwegians, Swedes and Finlanders. As a race the Lapps are the shortest people in Europe, being four to five feet in height. They are spare of body, with dark, bristly hair and scanty beard, and short, often bandy, legs. They are not muscular, but are capable of great exertion and fatigue. They frequently live to be very old. The mouth is large, the lips thick, and the eyes small and piercing. There are Mountain, Sea, Forest and River Lapps. The first named are nomads, the backbone of the race. Their herds of reindeer constitute their only source of wealth. In the summer they live on the fiords and the coast, but in the cold months they go back to the mountains and plains in the interior. The Sea Lapps are mostly impoverished Mountain Lapps or their descendants. They live on the coast in fishing hamlets where they make their living. The Forest and River Lapps have taken to a settled mode of life as they not only keep reindeer, but also fish and hunt. The nomad Lapps live all the year in tents. The reindeer supplies nearly all their wants, except coffee, tobacco and sugar. They live on its flesh and milk; they clothe themselves in its skin, and use it as a beast of burden. It is computed that there are 400,000 reindeer in Lapland. As to their personal habits and care of the clothing the Lapps do not believe in cleanliness. He is good-natured, self-indulgent, miserly and selfish. The Lapps profess Christianity, those of Norway and Sweden belonging to the Lutheran church, and those of Russia to the Greek church. There are 25,000 Lapps of all descriptions, 15,000 belonging to Norway, 7,000 to Sweden, and the remainder to Russia. About one-third of them are nomadic. At the present time both Scandinavian governments bestow upon the Lapps much consideration.

MISCELLANEOUS

E. L., Chestonia, Mich.—The initiative and referendum was explained in the Bureau of January 30.

B. A., Divide, Colo.—The Bureau has no references mentioning Henrietta Black.

L. Z. K., Cory, Ind.—We cannot answer your question.

D. C. A., Hillsdale, Mich.—Birds living in shrubs and trees hop; those obtaining their food on the ground generally walk.

V. C., Harrisonf, W. Va.—A marriage license is required in Ohio. A female must be 18 and a male 21 to be married in the Buckeye state.

C. E. S., Wellston, O.—Crop yields for the United States in 1911 were: Corn, 2,531,488,000 bushels; wheat, 621,-328,000; oats, 922,298,000. Of Ohio the yields were: Oats, 54,570,000; corn, 150,540,000; wheat, 36,240,000. We have no crop statistics for 1912.

D. E., Weedsport, N. Y.—J. P. Morgan was an Episcopalian. He made many donations to churches and was in favor of church union.

L. S. H., Kent, O.—The passenger pigeons have been gradually becoming more numerous in their old haunts under the protection of game laws.

J. O. W., Whitesburg, Tenn.—The government maintains assay offices at New York, St. Louis, Denver and San Francisco.

T. G., Hartford, N. Y.—The sixteenth amendment to the constitution was quoted in the Bureau of March 20.

P. B., Metamora, Mich.—No person except a natural born citizen can become a president of the United States.

C. E. C., Barnes Corners, N. Y.—The pronunciation of Gethsemane is: Gethsem-ane, with the accent on the second syllable.

M. H. L., Harmony, Pa.—There are 435 representatives in congress, and 96 senators at present.

The Power in Southern Streams

Manufacturers' Record.

THE assumed maximum development possible in all southern streams is about one-seventh of the total in the country, and the estimate of the total power available in the country, with full provision for storage, is more than 230,000,000 horse power, which, it is estimated, could make possible an installation of at least 200,000,000 horse power if every storage site should be utilized and the water properly handled. The south's share in such utilization could hardly fall below 2,000,000 horse power, which, at $20 rent per horse power a year would mean $400,000,000, equal to 3 per cent gross income on a capital of $13,000,000,000 and primary horse power for the development of energy for manufacturing transportation, lighting and heating four times as great as the primary horse power now developed for industry.

No person living today will see the approach to such a finality in the development of southern water powers, but to the $10,000,000 already invested in their development and the $150,000,000 more now going into like investment, other hundreds of millions of dollars will be added within the next few years as appreciation increases of the tremendous benefits that will accrue to the south.

TRACE ORIGIN BY SPINE

It has been recently noticed by scientists who have been studying the interesting and mysterious Navajo Indians that the Navajo baby invariably has a blue spot at the base of its spine, says the New York American. The spot is sometimes as small as a dime and sometimes as big a one's hand. It closely resembles a bruise, but it is due entirely to an extraordinary pigmentation. The spot may disappear before the child is five years old, but always returns later in life when this is the case.

The scientists have come to the conclusion that this spot is proof positive of the Mongolian origin of the Navajo. And they also made the astonishing assertion that it is present in many European and American children whose parents can trace their genealogy for generations back and are certain that there has been no admixture of Mongolian blood.

The Journal of the American Medical Association says that the blue spot in this location was first mentioned by Bealz, who found it in Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Koreans and the Burmese; 94.7 per cent of Malay children have it. Consigilo has found the blue patches on about 2 per cent of the children in northern Italy and believes that to be certain proof of ancient Mongolian ancestry.

It has long been known to science that Chinese characteristics persist longer, as inherited factors, than those of any other race. The oblique eye, and particularly the abnormal development of what is commonly called the third eyelid, have been found cropping up when the original Mongolian ancestor was five centuries removed. The third eyelid is the remnant of the nicitatinf membrane, which covers the eye of birds instead of the eyelids of the mammal. The little red bunch of muscle in the corner of the eye next the nose is a survival in man of the reptilian ancestors of both man and beast. Why it persists more in the Chinese than in other races is not known.

But the blue spot on the spine is the indelible mark left by the Mongolian race to show that the blood has been diluted and mixed with others after many centuries.

The Navajo Indians, it has been suspected through many causes, are closely allied to all Mongolian races. And, in fact, all the American Indians show traces of this origin. They must, however, have crossed from the Old World ages ago. The cause of the blue spot being found in Europeans of untarnished family records can probably be traced back to the Mongolian invasion in Europe in 453 A. D. From there the remote Mongolian trace spread with emigration to the new world.

Another peculiar feature is that monkeys and apes also have the blue spot, but with them it has been found that it persists constantly throughout their lives.

COUNTRY BOY'S CREED

I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work is work wherever I find it, but that work with Nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but on how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city, that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town, that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself — not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work, and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

Manuel to Wed Daughter of the Kaiser's Relative

EX-KING MANUEL

Berlin, April 24.—Former King Manuel, of Portugal, is betrothed to Princess Augustina Victoria, daughter of Prince Wilhelm of Hohenzollern, a relative of the kaiser's. The formal announcement has not been made, but it is understood that the arrangements have been completed and the official statement will soon be forthcoming. King Manuel is now visiting Sigmarlngen castle, the home of Princess Augustina's father, and he has spent much of his time there since last fall.

The marriage will not bring the former king into close relationship with the kaiser. Even though Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Wilhelm are both Hohenzollerns, they belong to different families, although they are distantly related. The kaiser calls the prince "cousin," but the blood relationship between the two would be found hundreds of years back. Princess Augustina is decidedly good looking. She was born August 19, 1890. She is the eldest child of her father, but has two brothers, who are twins, born a year after she was.

THE SULTAN'S PIETY

ONE of the most marked characteristics of the Sultan Mehmed V. is, according to a Constantinople correspondent of the London Chronicle, his extraordinary piety. He religiously performs every prayer prescribed by the Koran and never omits the necessary ablutions. Five times daily, according to the injunctions of the phrophet Mohammed, he turns his face to Mecca, and, lost in meditation, invokes with slow whispers the divine grace of Allah. He is surrounded by a host of Moslem priests who faithfully attend to his spiritual needs. When Mehmed V. became sultan he made a vow that he would worship every Friday in a different mosque, so as to give the population of every district the opportunity, considered by the orthodox Moslem a sacred one, of beholding the Pardishah and Khalif. He keeps his vow. There is almost no quarter which he has not visited — from hoary Stamboul with it conqueror's mosque to delightful Scutari on the Asian shore, where stand famous cypress woods, cool, mysterious and secluded. The place of worship which he likes most at present is the sacred shrine at Top-Kapou, on the so-called Seraglio Point in Stamboul, not far from the famous Byzantine temple of St. Sophia. This is the mosque that is called by the Moslems Hirka-I-Sherif Jamessi, one of the most holy places of Islam. There foreigners are never admitted. It contains the prophet's mantle, an object of highest veneration among the Turks. The shrine contains also the prophet's javelin and sword and the prayer carpet of Abu-Bekir, his father-in-law. Other objects of interest and value are the arms and turban of Omar, a mace from the shrine of Mecca and the "Sandjak Sherif," or sacred standard of the prophet. During Abdul Hamid's reign the shrine of Top-Kapou used to be opened only once a year on the fifteenth of Ramazan. Mehmed visits it far more frequently. Whenever his spirit craves for special communion with Allah he retires there to meditate and pray. He does the same whenever there is any accentuation of the never-ceasing troubles of conflict and rebellion.

WITH THE OLD IRISH BRIGADE

SINCE the survivors of Meagher's Irish Brigade have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg, reminiscences are the order of the day. Capt. John O'Connell, for fifteen years president of the Irish Brigade Veterans, repeated for the New York Evening Sun some of the stories that have become classics with the twenty-two survivors.

"It is a satisfaction for us to know that we fought for a noble cause," said Capt. O'Connell. "We did not care so much about freeing the slaves; what the most of us cared for was to preserve this union. We could never feel any hatred for the men who fought for the south, not even in the midst of a battle. They were just as good men and just as brave men as we were.

"The Irish Brigade was always friendly with the 'Johnnies,' as we called them. Whenever the 69th Regiment was on picket duty, their pickets would yell over: 'Who's on today, Yanks?'—we were all Yanks to them, even if we had only left Ireland the day before—and we would call back: 'New York's Irish Brigade!' Then if it happened to be a South Carolina or Georgia regiment, arms would soon be stacked and we would be giving them coffee and salt, while they passed us the Richmond papers and tobacco.

"But when a Massachusetts regiment performed picket duty shooting would continue all the time. The Johnnies were very bitter against the people of Massachusetts, holding them responsible for the war. But the Rebs knew that New Yorkers were different from the Massachusetts kind since we were Democrats.

"All New York was interested in our brigade, for which recruiting began shortly after the first battle of Bull Run.

"Most of us were Irish, but there were two Germans and one Russian, and by the time the war was over they had become as intensely Irish as any of us. One of those Germans, Henry Bates, is still living; he is the present president of the brigade. Our flags were given to us by men who hadn't a drop of Irish blood in them; two of them left are hanging in the armory now. The 69th Regiment lost more men in killed and wounded than any regiment that left the state of New York. When we came back to be mustered out in '65 we had only 47 men left of the 950 that started out from Fort Schuyler four years before.

"The brigade went under fire at Fair Oaks. We marched over from Cold Harbor in the night to reinforce Casey's men, and we reached Fair Oaks about 4 o'clock in the morning when it was still dark. We lay down right there in the field for a little rest, only to open our eyes an hour or so later to see Casey's men lying dead all around us. We had reached the battlefield without knowing it. Then when the shooting began we became so excited we didn't really know what was happening. We ducked our heads every time we heard a bullet. After a time we grew accustomed to the fighting just as we do to noise here in the city. At night when we got back to camp we would sit around the fire and sing songs and tell stories—just forget everything that had happened during the day.

"The closest shave I ever had was a slight wound I received at the battle of Antietam. Our colonel was wounded by a sharpshooter in a charge and the regiment halted for an instant right in the fire. Our first sergeant fell. I slung my musket over my back and went after him and brought him back. Later I found that I had a spent ball in my leg. I never knew when it hit me. I was so interested with what was happening.

"I never wish to take part in another war. We survivors of the Irish Brigade went through a terrible experience—no one who was not with us can realize the horror of it all."

America in Arabia.

The twentieth century native is not only wearing American cotton sheetings, trimmed and cut by American scissors and sewed on American sewing machines, burning American kerosene, riding in American carriages, but his children are now being rolled about in American collapsible baby carriages, while he also rides in public and private automobiles made in Detroit, uses American safety razors and strops, American garters and American starch, harnesses his wells with American pumps and windmills, builds his houses with American expanded metal and American hammers, propels his boats with New York oars, and when in his coffee shop sips his favorite beverage seated on an American chair, while somewhere in the hinterland the Sultan of the Abdall's family is riding in an American victoria.

London, England, police department employs 10,000 persons and covers **69,942 square miles.**

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, April 21.

Senate—Senator Chamberlain offered a resolution for the abrogation of the Hay-Pauncefote and the Clayton Bulwer treaties with Great Britain. A hearing was given to the representatives of the Federal Association for Woman Suffrage. Several senators and representatives made addresses. The finance committee agreed to hear senators on the wool and sugar schedules Senator Smith, of Arizona, introduced a resolution calling upon the president for all information concerning injuries to Americans in Mexico. A resolution was agreed to, offered by Senator Norris, calling upon the president and attorney general for all information concerning the dismissal of the case against the coffee trust A bill to license aviators was introduced by Senator Penrose. Senator Jones introduced a bill to extend the civil service to land office and customs officials. A bill to prohibit the use of mails for stock gambling purposes was introduced by Senator Ashhurst. A change in the rules to prohibit sessions of committees behind closed doors was proposed by Senator Ashhurst. President Wilson's diplomatic appointments and a number of army promotions were confirmed.. The senate adjourned until Thursday.

House—The house met at noon and Representative Underwood introduced the tariff bill as amended by the Democratic caucus; it was referred to the ways and means committee and will be reported back to the house today. President Wilson, in a special message, urged an appropriation of $20,000 for the expenses of the American commission to The Hague opium conference. The sundry civil appropriation bill was considered under a special rule, but final action upon it was deferred until today.

Tuesday, April 22.

Senate—The senate was not in session. The finance committee decided to grant no oral hearings on the tariff bill, except to senators on sugar and wool. The banking and currency committee held its first meeting and decided to hold hearings within the next fortnight. All treasury nominations were ordered favorably reported yesterday by the committee on finance. Secretary Bryan will appear before the foreign relations committee this morning and explain his plan for universal peace and disarmament.

House—The house convened at noon and Chairman Underwood reported the tariff bill from the ways and means committee. The sundry civil bill, containing the provision to prevent the use of funds appropriated in the prosecution of labor unions and farmers' organizations was passed. Representative Gallagher introduced a resolution to investigate an alleged baseball trust. Representative Vare introduced a bill to place aeronautics under the control of the Department of Commerce. Representatives Harrison, Rainey and Moore were appointed a subcommittee to draft opium suppression legislation. A bill providing a scheme of investigation of alleged monopolies, combinations and trusts was introduced by Representative Levy. Representative Wallin introduced a bill to make railroad passenger rates 2 cents a mile and provide interchangeable mileage for all roads.

Wednesday, April 23.

Senate—Not in session. Foreign relations committee listened to and gave general approval to Secretary Bryan's plan for international peace.

House—General debate on tariff bill was opened by Democratic Leader Underwood.

Thursday, April 24.

Senate—President Wilson visited the capitol and conferred with senators on patronage. A large batch of nominations was sent in. A resolution was adopted calling upon the president for information concerning claims of American citizens for loss of life and property in Mexico. Republicans in caucus decided not to engage in any holdup of nominations but to insist upon careful scrutiny of appointments where vacancies are forced. Senator Thomas, of Colorado, addressed the senate on his bill to amend the Sherman anti-trust law. Senator Johnston introduced a resolution looking to the weeding of Republicans out of the consular service. A number of nom- William H. Osborn of North Carolina, to be commissioner of internal revenue The senate adjourned until Monday.

House—The house resumed debate on the Underwood tariff bill. Representative Hill introduced a bill to appropriate $600,000 for rebuilding and strengthening levees at Cairo and Mound City, Ill. Representative Murdock filed the Progressive report on tariff matters, declaring the party to be in favor of the creation of a non-partisan scientific tariff commission. The Republicans held a caucus last night, discussing the tariff.

Friday, April 25.

House—Resumed general debate on tariff bill, Representatives Palmer, Moore and Gordon speaking.

Senate—Territories commission began hearings on Alaska railway development.

Saturday, April 26.

SENATE—The senate was not in session, but Dr. Anna Shaw and other prominent women suffragists addressed the body, arguing for a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote. Fisheries committee decides to recommend confirmation of nomination of Hugh M. Smith as commissioner of fisheries. Kern resolution for investigation of West Virginia coal strike is ordered favorably reported.

HOUSE—Met at noon and resumed general debate on tariff bill, Rep. Hull making comprehensive analysis of income tax. Rep. Curley introduced resolution for constitutional amendment to give congress power to make uniform hours of labor throughout the country. Special committee which investigated assault upon Rep. Sims by C. C. Glover, Washington capitalist, found Glover guilty of contempt of house and recommended his arrest. Representative Campbell introduced a bill to create a bureau of public highways and appropriate $24,000,000 for use among states. Representative Bartlett introduced bill to reduce first-class postage to 1 cent an ounce.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Twenty-six states of the United States now require automatic couplers and brakes on railway trains.

"Those Terrible Ear Noises Have Stopped"

"Those terrible Ear Noises have stopped," is what hundreds of letters are telling me. You remember that on Feb. 13 I offered 300 Treatments for Head Noises, Free, to Toledo Weekly Blade readers, and this is the happy result.

Head Noises! What a picture of intolerable suffering these words bring to mind. Reader, if you have Head Noises, I know well that no words of mine can describe the weary misery. But you are the one to appreciate the blessed relief in the words "My Head Noises have stopped," and these are the words which every day's mail brings me.

The joy and gratitude of the people who received the 300 free treatments offered in this paper last February has been so great and their appeals for friends so urgent that I am going to offer again.

200 TREATMENTS FREE

Think what it would mean to no longer suffer with these intolerable, roaring noises—the whistling—the escaping steam—the hum of insects—the buzzing—all the weary catalogue of sounds, which at times make you feel that they must stop, or you will go insane. Perhaps, too, your hearing is beginning to fail, but whether it has or not, you know in your heart of hearts that it will go and the voice of science warns you in unmistakable terms. If you have Head Noises, sooner or later, you will be deaf.

Here is your opportunity. Send for one of my Free Treatments and see my method which has cured hundreds in just your condition. Just drop me a note or a post card asking for a Treatment for Head Noises Free. You will never regret it.

This offer and talk is for YOU. Perhaps you have tried other things and become discouraged. Perhaps you have been told there is no help. Perhaps you are carelessly neglecting your case from day to day, thinking it will get well of itself.

Make just this small effort. Send for one of my Free Treatments. It won't cost you a penny. See this successful new treatment and the method which has cured many, many people with Head Noises just like yours.

Write today for Free Head Noises treatment.

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

ASTHMA

Remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 651 Olio ave., Sidney, O.

QUIT DRINKING—Soberite stops all craving at once and forever. Write for particulars. Soberite Co., Dept. G, 160 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago.

The Call Landward

Pittsburg Press.

It isn't for nothing that more boys every year are going to school to learn to be farmers. Even city bred boys. Think of it! Germany, to use one illustration, with an area not as large as Texas, and with land naturally no better, to say nothing of the much longer time it has been under cultivation, supports two-thirds as many people as there are in the whole United States. And supports them pretty healthily, too, as all will admit who have seen the sturdy, happy German peasantry. Germany does this because it has to. That is the reason we shall do likewise. Necessity is the prolific mother of efficiency. Before another generation has passed the great sums of money now tied up in privately owned street and steam railways, lighting and power plants, telegraphs and telephones and other public utilities in which the pickings have been attractive during our careless years will be seeking new investment.

Because more and more the people at large will be taking these enterprises over. And then where will it go? Where can it go save into farming—into the development of the one kind of natural resources which is well-nigh universal, which yields inexhaustible returns and which we cannot get along without?

This is going to mean, of course, a great call for skilled workers—for men to make themselves to farming what our captains and corporals of industry in the generations past, have been to manufacturing, railroading, commerce; only, we hope, newer minded, fairer.

Already the demand for competent farm managers and specialists exceeds the supply. The bright lad who qualifies for such work can even now command, in his first years after quitting school, better pay than comes to the newly fledged lawyer or doctor or engineer. Moreover, his work is on the level, in the open, healthful, wholesome and productive. He doesn't live upon the weaknesses or follies or misfortunes of others. He makes his own way. He leaves society better each night for his day's work. It is an inspiring outlook, a real beckoning to the best that is in human nature.

American of Tomorrow

Scribner's Magazine.

THE foreign element in the population of New York is a matter of persistent, indeed compulsory, contemplation. But we have conceived of it, until now, as segregated. Literary Englishmen, and other persons with a taste for picturesque cosmopolitanism, visit the foreign segregations; the native New Yorker feels them chiefly as rather interesting spots of color on the outskirts of his life. The last thing he thinks of is that an infiltration from the outer segrgations is beginning. There is an alien integration. Here and there a face—like the face of the young man in the doorway—already tells the story. As yet these faces are few. But once have your eyes sharpened to see them, and you look for them and make queer discoveries.

I suppose it never occurred to any of us that the countenance of any American who might come after us could be radically different from our own. If imagination ever showed us those Americans of future generations it probably showed them as not more unlike us than we are unlike our progenitors. These progenitors, whether they look out upon us from the frames of family portraits or from the little velvet lined cases of old and humbler daguerreotypes, are, on the whole, singularly homogeneous of aspect. It is the kind of face that has always been seen hitherto wherever the English language was spoken. The assimilative force of American life has been counted on to perpetuate that kind of face indefinitely. And here, surprisingly, are signs that one can't probably count on any such thing. This integration of a different, over-seas, southern-easterly visage in the effect, the "style," of an American is a new thing, a startling thing—and startling, precisely, in the measure in which you grasp the fact that it is not an isolated instance, here and there, that you see, but rather an outward emergence of deep lodged underground elements, in the eastern cities of the Atlantic seaboard, that soon must push everywhere to the surface.

TARIFF FIGHT IS PRACTICALLY OVER

Of Course, There'll Be Some More Debate, but It Doesn't Count.

Washington, April 25.—The arguments on the Underwood tariff bill in the house of representatives has begun and the Washington papers say this morning, with some dramatic effect:

"The tariff fight is on."

This is mere literary persiflage. The tariff fight is over.

Three Days of Debate.

With only three more days left for general debate the prospect today was that the measure would pass the house and go to the senate during the first week of May.

Majority Leader Underwood has given notice that general debate on the bill close when the house adjourns Monday night. Tuesday the bill will be called up under the five minute rule for reading and amendment. At that time it is the purpose of the majority to fix some limitation on amendments to hasten the bill along and to guard against a filibuster.

The tariff bill fight is not begun when the oratory starts. It is over and the loquacious process of the next several weeks of oratory will be merely the public ratification by the Democratic party of a bill framed by the ways and means committee and adopted by the Democratic party caucus of the house.

An Iron Bound Caucus.

It did look for a while as though there might be an effective fight on the free sugar and free wool features of the bill by the senators, but it now has been decided to adopt the measure in a senatorial caucus of the Democratic party, and it is not believed that any Democratic senators will bolt the caucus.

They might vote against free sugar or free wool, and still hope to get to heaven, but to bolt a Democratic caucus is an entirely different matter.

TWO KILLED ON IMPERATOR

Hamburg, Germany, April 25.—Two men are dead and three are dying out of eight injured in an explosion of benzine last night on board the new Hamburg-American liner Imperator at Cuxhaven. The accident was caused by a workman filling his pocket cigar lighter from a benzine tank.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N.Y. and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

Stop Using a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine appliators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Self as simple—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. We prove this—that we say by sending TRIAL OF PLAPAO absolutely FREE. Write TODAY. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 245 St. Louis, Mo.

You Can Be Strong, Active, Healthy, Husky and Happy

Courage—daring—bounding vitality—sure control of mind, body and nerves—the desire and ability to accomplish all desirable things—these are the attributes that make men admired and sought.

I have in my possession a recipe, which, from my own experience, I believe to be the best and surest-acting, up-building, strengthening combination ever put together for the restoration of impaired vitality and the renewal of vigor and health.

If this self-applied home treatment will enable you to successfully treat your own ills and weaknesses, then I have shown you the secret of perpetual strength and how you can again be just as powerful in your capacity as the biggest, huskiest, most successful and sought-after of our acquaintances.

For this reason I believe it is my duty to tell every young or elderly person about this health and strength restoring recipe and send a copy free to every one who asks me for it, so they can see what it is and how quickly and surely it acts.

If you are old or young, married or single, large or small and are lacking in the nerve force or vigor that makes men and women strong, vital and capable, just write to me like this: A. E. Robinson, 4864 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this recipe, absolutely free, postage paid, in a plain sealed wrapper.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

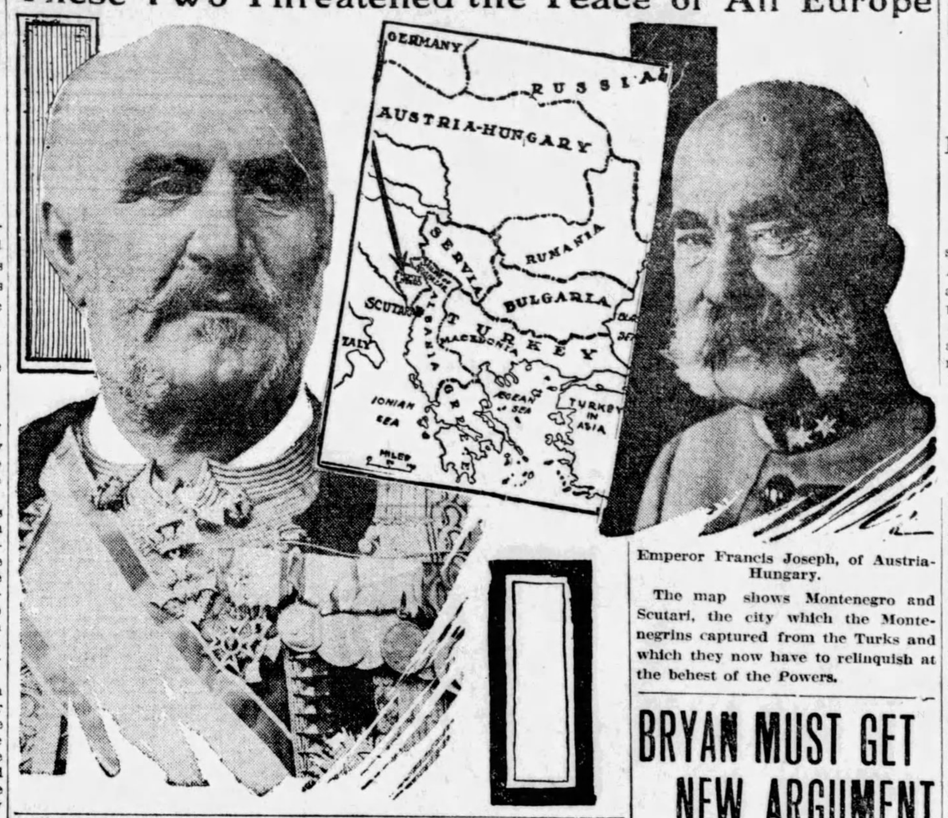
THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

PLANTEN'S BLACK C & C OR CAPSULES

REMEDY FOR MEN

These Two Threatened the Peace of All Europe



Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary.

The map shows Montenegro and Scutari, the city which the Montenegrins captured from the Turks and which they now have to relinquish at the behest of the Powers.

AUSTRIA WON'T WAIT FOR THE POWERS NOW

Decides to Take Montenegro Case Into Its Own Hands —May Mean War Soon.

London, April 29.—A special correspondent telegraphing from Vienna puts the Austrian attitude in regard to Montenegro in precise form, as follows:

"Austria - Hungary, finding that the ambassadorial conference in London yesterday produced no results, has decided to take matters into her own hands and to carry out the decision of the powers regarding Scutari."

Peace or War?

Vienna, April 29.—Does the withdrawal of the bulk of the Montenegrin army from Scutari mean peace or war?

That, headed by Prince Danilo, they have left the Albanian city, seems to be certain, but it is not known whether they are bound for the coast to resist any attempt to land an Austrian expeditionary force or are retiring to Montenegro. On this hinges the question of peace or war. It is feared the Montenegrins mean to fight.

Looks Like Fight.

Their whole attitude up to this time seems to indicate it. Austria is determined that come what may Montenegro shall not have Scutari. She has gone too far now to agree to any course other than the surrender of the city without running grave danger of internal troubles which will rend the empire.

The apparent truculence of Austria is in fact due more to fear of these internal troubles than to any hope for outside gain. It is realized here that hope for Austrian expansion towards the southeast is futile, no matter what settlement is reached

Statesmen Fight for Life.

The statesmen at the head of affairs in the dual monarchy are fighting for life and to prevent the successful secession of the Balkan provinces which are on edge to join the new Slav empire.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present situation, Austria is actively preparing for war and on a scale which indicates that she expects to have to force more than Montenegro if hostilities once open.

The troops being hurried to the points from which Servia and Montenegro can most easily be struck, are carefully chosen from those whose loyalty can be depended upon. There are few if any Slavs among them. So far as the general public is concerned, no further news has been received from Essaad or his plans to become King of Albania.

Firm Against Essaad.

It may be said that under no circumstances will Austria consent to his elevation to the new throne. He is thoroughly anti-Austrian in his sentiments and Albania under him would be worse from the Austrian viewpoint than if divided between Servia and Montenegro.

There have been all sorts of rumors as to the movement of troops against Montenegro, any of which may or may not be true. The strictest censorship is maintained over all military news.

TURKISH LEADER DECLARES HIMSELF KING OF ALBANIA

London, April 28.—Europe has a new sovereign. A dispatch to the Intransigeant in Paris states that Essad Pasha, Turkish defender of Scutari, who surrendered the city to the Montenegrins, declared himself king of Albania at the Tirana chancellories Sunday after notifying in advance the governments at London, Paris and St. Petersburg.

This unexpected move has upset the calculations of the powers, who had agreed that the Duke of Montpensier should become the ruler of the new kingdom.

The self-appointed king of Albania has 25,000 well armed mountaineers to sustain him, and the Balkan allies feel favorable toward Essad Pasha. It is said that the king of Montenegro made a treaty with Essad Pasha before the capitulation of Scutari which enabled the Turks' leader to carry out his ambition.

The former Turkish general is descended from an old Albanian family which tried to throw off the yoke of Turkey in the eighteenth century. This explains why he was willing to risk leaving Scutari to Montenegro so that he might govern Albania with the consent of the allied Balkan states, and snap his fingers at the rest of Europe.

It is now evident that Essad Pasha surrendered Scutari on the condition that his troops be allowed to evacuate the city with their arms and ammunition.

Archduke Frank Ferdinand, Austrian heir to the throne, is furious because the outwitted powers cannot possibly object to a native Albanian prince.

According to a report published in Berlin, an Austrian naval division has left Trieste with 10,000 troops, with the intention of occupying Antivari, Dulcigno and San Giovanni di Medua and advancing against Cettinje.

The Strassberger Post asserts that the German emperor has received a telegram saying the Austrians have entered Montenegro. This probably is premature, but little doubt is felt that Austria is determined to move alone unless the ambassadorial conference at London tomorrow resolves upon European action.

TEACHER SCORES SOCIETY WOMAN AS A PARASITE

Baltimore, April 28.—"The average society woman is nothing but a parasite. We live in a twentieth century vaudeville on a magnificent scale. You women with incomes of decent size know nothing of the real cost of living. Your children do no have to starve, your daughters are not driven to the streets and into our houses of refuge. Your men are not made to work at starvation wages."

Thus spoke Dr. Scott Nearing, University of Pennsylvania, Saturday at the Maryland State Federation of Women's Clubs. His auditors, amazed at first, broke into frantic applause as his telling points drove home.

"I hope," said he once, "that I am, in the language of the baseball diamond, 'getting this over.'" and their gloved hands clapped eagerly to show him.

"We are all of us ridiculously conventional. If my neighbor across the street gets a piano, I must have one, too. If her children wear silk stockings, mine must do the same. Isn't that so? Isn't it plain where the real burden of the cost of living falls? Why, of coruse, on those who can't get bread, much less silk stockings.

"You women in this hall do not know the real problem. Do your children ever have to starve? The workingman's often do. Are your daughters driven to the streets and do they die in prostitution or live in our houses of refuge? No! Remember, I mean to except the women who are working in the industries."

WANTS UNIFORM LABOR HOURS

Congressman Proposes an Amendment to Constitution.

Washington, April 26.—An amendment to the constitution which, when ratified by two-thirds of the states, would give congress the power to make uniform the hours of labor throughout the United States is proposed in a resolution introduced in the house today by Representative Curley, of Massachusetts. Representative Curley contends that the difference in the hours of labor in many states, varying from 54 hours a week in Massachusetts to 66 hours in the southern states, creates an "unwarranted discrimination" in favor of manufacturers located in states where the long hours prevail.

It was for the purpose of eliminating this discrimination that the resolution was offered.

RESCUE CREW IS WITHDRAWN

Believe All Dead in Mine Accident Are Found.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 26.—The emergency rescue crew from the Pittsburg station of the government bureau of mines was withdrawn from the Cincinnati mine of the Pittsburg Coal Co., near Finlayville, Pa., where an explosion occurred last Wednesday and in the neighborhood of 10 men lost their lives.

The crew had penetrated the principal entries and many of the rooms and were convinced that when another body was located this morning that the dead had all been located.

TO HONOR JEFFERSON.

Washington, April 29.—A party of senators and representatives left here last night for St. Louis to attend the dedication of a monument to Thomas Jefferson.

BRYAN MUST GET NEW ARGUMENT

Proposition to Treat Jap Situation by Diplomacy Is Turned Down.

Sacramento, April 29.—With the sentiment of the Progressive Republican majority towards anti-alien land legislation virtually unchanged by the representations made yesterday by Secretary of State W. J. Bryan on behalf of President Wilson, the California legislature faced today a second broadside of argument from the head of the state department.

What form the objections of the federal administration would take was not known early today, for Secretary Bryan had not made public the contents of his telegrams from President Wilson received in answer to the questions propounded by the secretary after the close of the conference last evening.

Since his arrival yesterday morning, the secretary of state has declined to make any statement except in conference with the governor and members of the legislature.

Dissatisfaction over the principal plan for the solution of the alien land problem put forward by Secretary Bryan was expressed both by Republicans and Democrats. Secretary Bryan suggested that the state permit the matter to be taken up by the diplomatic corps and settled possibly by means of a new treaty.

During the argument Assemblyman Sutherland asked:

"What assurance can the federal government give us, Mr. Bryan, that if action by the legislature is delayed, the same end can be reached through diplomatic effort?"

No Assurance.

Secretary Bryan replied:

"I am sorry, but I cannot answer as fully as you might like. Until just before I started for Sacramento it looked as though the words 'ineligible to citizenship' were not to be used. It was only when representations came indicating that the use of these words was contemplated that the President communicated with me, and since then I have had no opportunity to discuss the bill in detail with the Washington representatives of the Japanese government.

"On this matter I have no definite proposition to submit to you—none that is sufficiently mature to offer you as an assurance. All I can say is that the President has conferred with the Japanese ambassador, and that I have conferred with him and I feel it is worth while to make an effort."

After inquiring what kind of a law would meet the approval of the federal administration and receiving no direct reply, Assemblyman Sutherland asked:

A New Law?

"Can we pass any kind of a law that would accomplish our purpose and would not, in your judgment, be offensive to the Japanese government?"

"That is a new proposition," replied Secretary Bryan, "and I would not like to answer on the spur of the moment."

Secretary Bryan's suggestion is that California enact a law similar to the statute in Illinois, or in the District of Columbia.

MOVES TO STOP DIVORCE

St. Louis, April 25.—The district conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South adopted a resolution requesting the next general conference to prescribe a form of application to be signed by candidates for matrimony, to the end that ministers "may not unwittingly violate the law of the church concerning divorced parties."

The church law permits re-marriage of divorced persons only when the divorce has been granted on statutory grounds.

WEALTHY, DIES IN POORHOUSE

Marienette, Wis., April 28.—John Brosseau, a Canadian woodsman, who died at the county almshouse recently and was buried in the potter's field, possessed an estate of $60,000, according to a relative who arrived here today to make an investigation.

Brosseau belonged to a wealthy family owning an immense estate near Montreal. His father's will provided that because of the intemperate habits of his son, the latter's wife should control the estate, but that the son should be provided with a home and one dollar a day as spending money.

Becoming embittered by the slight placed upon him, Brosseau left his family and came to the United States. He worked in the woods and was a widely known character about the lumber camps of Escanaba. Finally he became afflicted with tuberculosis and was sent to the county poor farm, where he died.

HONOR IS FINEST ASSET OF NATION

Retiring Ambassador Bryce Delivers Farwell Address to Americans.

New York, April 26.—James Bryce, saying farewell last night to the American people after six years as ambassador from Great Britain to the United states, preached a little sermon on fair mindedness and standards of national honor that could not be interpreted as referring to anything other than the Panama canal tolls question.

By repeated references to the friendship between England and the United States and the reasons for the cordian relations, and by reference to Washington and Lincoln, "America's great heroes," as leaders "who loved peace and justice and in those minds no bitter or selfish thoughts found lodgment," Mr. Bryce conveyed to his hearers the idea that his desire was to leave with Americans a final argument against revocation of the canal treaties.

Met With Kindness.

In his address, which was given before the Pilgrims' Society of the United States, Mr. Bryce referred with feeling to his cordial relations with the three presidents who had been in office during his service in Washington and said he had no words to convey his sense of the kindness with which he had been received during his travels in America. Four trips across the continent and visits to every state in the union he said, had given him acquaintances in all sections.

Referring to the friendship existing between America and Great Britain, Mr. Bryce expressed the hope that this might be extended to embrace other countries. He did not touch directly upon any issue pending between the American and British government. This statement, however, was regarded as significant:

Asset Is Sense of Honor.

"With good will and with a conviction that one of every nation's highest assets is that sense of national honor which will make it live up to its international obligations, all questions between nations can be adjusted and I am sure that any questions between your country and mine will be adjusted in that way."

Mentioning that more than a dozen important treaties between his government and the United States had been concluded in the past six years, Mr. Bryce said he had come to admire not only the "brilliant gifts of former Secretary Root, but his fairness of mind and his genuine love of peace."

Has Faith in Bryan.

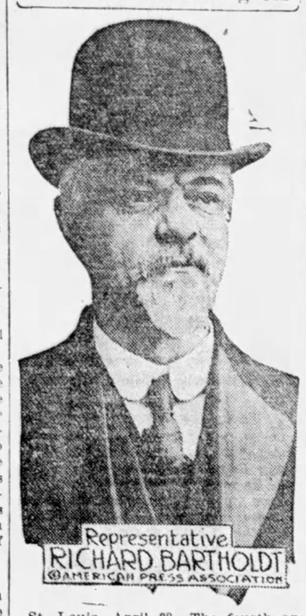
He added that he felt sure that Mr. Bryan "would show no less earnest wish to work for accord and good will, and Mr. Bryan, indeed has given evidence of this."

"My mission," Mr. Bryce said, "has been not merely to represent my sovereign and government for diplomatic purposes, but also to bear a message of friendship from the British to the American people. No two people in the world are so called upon, one might say, so appointed by providence, to be friends to one another."

GAINSBOROUGH BRINGS $100,800

London, April 25.—Thomas Gainsborough's painting "The Market Cart," out of Sir Lionel Phillips' collection, was sold by auction today for $100,800, a record price for a Gainsborough.

Many Problems Before American Peace Congress



St. Louis, April 28.—The fourth annual American peace congress will be held here May 1, 2 and 3. Representative Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, will preside. One of the timely subjects that will be discussed is the present Japanese land exclusion rumpus in California. Without doubt the question of state's rights and international treaties will be thrashed out. Such other subjects as America's relations with foreign countries and to Cuba and the Philippines, knotty problems of international law, the present unsettled relations with Germany and France, the position of the powers with regard to the Turko-Balkan war settlement and Secretary of State Bryan's new scheme for the arbitration of international difficulties will come up.

TRAILS MASTER IN DEATH

Faithful Horse Is Shot When Owner Enters Grave.

Newport, R. I., April 28.—In accordance with the oft-expressed wish of William H. Mayer, who was buried here, his favorite horse, Iron Bar, was shot by a groom behind the stable at State Hill farm. The horse died within five minutes of the time that his master's body was lowered into the grave.

Iron Bar was 24 years old and had been Mayer's favorite since he was a colt.

Mayer's widow will erect a marble monument over the body of Iron Bar with an inscription written by Mr. Mayer some time ago.

NEW ENLISTMENT LAW FAILS

Americans Will Not Enter Army for Long Term.

Washington, April 28.—The average American will not enlist in the army and mortgage his future for a long term. This is evidenced by the practical failure of the new recruiting law passed by the last congress. Four months operation of the law has resulted in an average enlistment and re-enlistment of 2,100 men, which is a material loss as compared with the operation of the old law providing for enlistment for three years.

Secretary Garrison is expected to use this fact to re-enforce the recommendation for a further amendment and for the creation of an independent reserve.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, April 28.—Wheat was decidedly higher at the opening today under strong demand occasioned by higher cables and unfavorable political news from abroad. The greatest interest appeared centered in the deferred options, especially the July. There appeared to be an equal amount of selling and buying, and the market ruled steady in the early trading.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	April 28.	Close April 29.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.07	1.07	1.06	1.06	1.06¾
May	1.07	1.07	1.06	1.06	1.06¾
July	93¾	94⅝	93⅜	94	93⅞
Sept.	93¾	....	....	97½	93¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	56½	56½
May	56¼	....	....	56¼	56¼
July	57¼	57⅝	57¼	57¼	57¼
Sept.	58¼	57½	57¼	58¼	58¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	37	37
May	37	37¼	36¾	37¼	37
July	36¾	36½	36¼	36½	36½
Sept.	35½	....	....	36¾	35¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	12.45	....	....	12.45	12.50
April	12.25	....	....	12.25	12.00
Oct.	7.75	....	....	7.75	7.75
Dec.	7.50	....	....	7.50	7.50
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	64	64
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	13.10	13.10
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
April	1.75	....	....	1.80	1.80
May	1.75	....	....	1.80	1.80
Sept.	2.00	....	....	2.00	1.97½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	93⅝	93⅞	93¼	93⅜	91⅞
July	92½	93⅝	91¾	93⅜	91⅞
Sept.	92	92¼	91½	92	91¼
Corn—					
May	55	55⅝	54⅛	55⅛	55
July	55⅞	55⅞	55¼	55⅝	55⅜
Sept.	56¼	56⅜	54¼	56⅜	56⅛
Oats—					
May	34½	34⅝	34¼	34⅝	34⅛
July	34¼	34⅜	33⅞	34⅜	34⅛
Sept.	33¾	34⅜	33⅜	34¼	34

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.00⅜	....	....	1.01	1.00½
July	1.00	....	....	1.00¾	99⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	93	....	....	93⅜	92⅜
July	90¾	....	....	90⅜	89⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	88⅜
July	....	....	....	....	97¼

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	90½	89¼
July	....	....	....	92⅜	92¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	19.50	19.52	19.45	19.45	19.62
July	19.50	19.57	19.50	19.50	19.67
Sept.	19.30	19.40	19.25	19.30	19.42
Lard—					
May	10.82	10.87	10.82	10.85	10.90
July	10.77	10.85	10.72	10.80	10.80
Sept.	10.77	10.85	10.72	10.77	10.82
Ribs—					
May	11.22	11.25	11.20	11.22	11.30
July	10.87	10.92	10.85	10.90	10.95
Sept.	10.87	10.75	10.67	10.92	10.77

New York Produce.

New York, April 28.—Flour quiet and unchanged; spring patents, $4.50@4.75; winter straights, $4.50@4.60; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.80@4.10; extra No. 2 winter, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.15@4.25. Wheat—Bearish domestic crop and weather news was overshadowed by the strength abroad, and wheat in consequence advanced ¾c; July, $1.00⅝; spot wheat, $1.04. Pork, steady; mess, $21.75@22.25; family, $23.50@25.00; short clear, $21.00@22.50. Beef, steady; mess, $19.00@20.00; family, $23.00@24.00. Lard, weak; middle west, $11.00@11.10. Raw sugar, steady; Muscovado, 2.86@2.89c; centrifugal, 3.36@3.39c; molasses sugar, 2.61@2.64c; refined, steady; crushed, 5.05c; fine granulated, 4.35c; powdered, 4.45c. Petroleum, steady; refined New York, bulk, $4.80; do. barrels, $8.50; do. cases, $10.80. Molasses, steady; New Orleans open kettle, 35@55c. Hay, quiet; No. 1, $1.05; No. 2, 90c@$1.00; No. 3, 70@80c. Hides, quiet; Bogota, 28¼@29½c; Central America, 28¾c. Leather, steady; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c. Butter quiet; receipts 4,530 tubs; creamery extras, 30@31c; creamery firsts, 30@31c; seconds, 29@c; state dairy, finest, 30½c; good to prime, 29½c; state dairy, finest, 30½c; good to prime, 29½c; firsts, 28¼@29c; imitation creamery firsts, 28@29c; factory, current make, firsts, 27@27¼c; seconds, 26@26½c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 24½@25c; No. 3, 23@24c. Cheese firm; receipts 748 boxes; state, whole milk, held, white or colored, specials, 16¾@17¼c; do. average fancy, 16@16¼c; state, whole milk lower grades, held, 12@15¼c; state, whole milk, colored, fresh specials, 13@13¼c; do white, 13¾@13½c; do white or colored, fresh average fancy, 13c; do. lower grades, 11½@12¾c; state, whole milk, daisies held, best, 16@17c; Wisconsin, whole milk, held, 14@16c; skims, 7½@13c. Eggs firm; receipts 21,250 cases; fresh gathered, extras, 21@21½c; fresh gathered, storage packed, firsts, 20@21c; do regular packed firsts, northerly, 18¼@19¼c; fresh gathered, seconds, 17½@18c; thirds, 17@17½c; fresh gathered, dirties, No. 1, 15¾@16c; do, No. 2, 14@15c; fresh gathered, checks, 13@15c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, hennery whites, good to large size, new laid, 22@23c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, white, defective in size or color, 20@21½c; western gathered whites, 20@21½c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 21@21½c; do gathered, browns and mixed colors, 19@20c. Dressed poultry steady; fresh killed western fowls, 16½@19c; frozen turkeys, 15@25c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, April 28.—Butter easier; creameries, 26@30c. Eggs higher; receipts, 28,980 cases; fresh, 18c at mark, cases included, 17@18c; ordinary firsts, 17c; firsts, 19c. Potatoes—Receipts, 55 cars; market higher; Michigan, 40@45c; Minnesota, 35@42c; Wisconsin, 38@45c. Poultry live easier; chickens and springs, 16½c.

Cotton.

New York, April 28.—Cotton—Futures opened steady; April, 11.25c bid; May, 11.26c; June, 11.30 bid; July, 11.40; August, 11.27c; September, 11.17c; October, 11.11c; November offered, 11.10c; December, 11.11c; January, 11.05c.

The cotton market opened steady at a decline of 6 points in advance of 9 points with trading active and the tone rather unsettled, owing to the circulation of May rumors which were estimated at from 20,000 to 75,000 bales. Prominent brokers supposed to be operating for both local and foreign houses were lower buyers of May, against sales of July, however, and these indications that the contest would be between the cotton exchange and the trade after the call, with the latter selling on point or two above Saturday's closing figures. Cables were a shade lower than due.

The early rally called out prices about 8 to 13 points net higher. The cotton exchange had no extra bull support, and the market later in the morning was unsettled and reacted under continued selling pressure from prominent New York spot houses. Some reports for the primaries said the crop movement was at the rate of 10,000 bales a day, while advices from Galveston stated that the receipts at that port would be 20,000 bales. Liverpool spot houses had ordered between 10,000 and 15,000 bales with most of the bidding under cover, so particular the same remained a trifle tender at the opening. S pot quiet; middling uplands 11.75c nominal.

Estimated receipts for all the ports were 9,000 bales, against 10,000 last week and 16,444 last year; for the week, 100,000, against 90,104 last week and 107,000 last year. Port receipts were 6,678 bales, as follows: Galveston, 2,000; Texas City, 677; Port Arthur, 1,000; New Orleans, 1,000; Mobile, 1,000; Savannah, 1,000, and at Hampton Roads, Norfolk 4,000 last year.

The market was unsettled during the early afternoon and sold off about 40 points net lower. Covering checked the decline at this level, and there were slight rallies from the lowest around 5 o'clock.

Port closed quiet; middling uplands, 11.70c; middling gulf, 11.75c. Sales, 64 bales.

Futures closed steady. Closing bids: April, 11.47c; May, 11.25c; June, 11.27c; July, 11.17c; August, 11.09c; September, 11.03c; October, 10.99c; December, 11.03c; January, 10.99c; March, 11.07c.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, April 28.—Cattle, 4,000; prime steers, $8.25@8.50; shipping, $7.50@8.00; butchers, $6.25@8.15; cows, $3.75@7.25; bulls, $5.75@7.50; heifers, $6.00@8.10; stock heifers, $5.50@6.00; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.75; fresh cows and springers, $35.00@85.00. Yeals, receipts 2,500; $6.00@10.00. Hogs, receipts 16,000; heavy, $8.00@9.15; mixed, $8.10@9.20; yorkers, $9.15@9.25; pigs, $9.20@9.30; roughs, $8.00@8.15; stags, $7.00@7.50; dairies, $8.00@9.20. Sheep and lambs, receipts 14,000; lambs, $5.00@8.15; yearlings, $7.00@7.75; wethers, $6.25@6.50; ewes, $3.50@6.15; sheep, mixed, $6.00@6.25.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, April 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 600; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 400; market steady; good to choice, $9.00@9.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts 1,500; market steady; choice clipped lambs, $7.50@7.85; fair to good, $6.50@7.00; common, $4.00@5.00; choice clipped wethers, $6.00@6.25; fair to good, $5.50@6.00; choice ewes, $5.50@5.75; culls and common, $3.50@4.50. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; market 25c lower; heavies, $8.80; mediums and Yorkers, $9.00; light Yorkers and pigs, $9.20; roughs, $8.00; stags, $7.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 28.—Hogs—Receipts, 30,000; dull; 15c to 20c lower; bulk of sales, $8.50@8.65; light, $8.50@8.75; mixed, 8.40@8.70; heavy, $8.25@8.60; rough, $8.25@8.40; pigs, $6.50@8.70. Cattle—Receipts, 30,000; weak to 10@20c lower; beeves, $7.20@9.10; Texas steers, $6.70@7.75; stockers and feeders, $6.10@8.00; cows and heifers, $3.90@8.30; calves, $6.50@8.75. Sheep—Receipts 28,000; slow; 10c to 15c lower; native, $5.90@7.15; yearlings, $6.40@7.80; lambs, $6.50@8.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 18,000; slow; choice heavy steers, $8.50@8.80; handy fat steers, $7.50@8.10; fair steers, $6.75@7.60; choice heifers, $8.40@8.75; choice fat cows, $6.00@7.00; fair cows, $4.00@4.10; butcher bulls, $7.00@8.00; milch cows, $50.00@80.00. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; lower; prime heavies, $8.95; heavy mixed, $9.10; medium and heavy yorkers, $9.20; light yorkers and pigs, $9.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000; steady; prime wethers, $6.25; choice lambs, $8.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,200; steady; good to choice veals, $9.50.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

SUFFRAGETTES CAUSE MURDER?

Lloyds' Agent Dies Suddenly After Taking Siedlitz Powder.

London, April 25.—There is a mystery in regard to the sudden death of Mr. Watt, Lloyds' agent at Middlesborough, after he he taken a seidlitz powder. The wrapper on the powder was inscribed "Votes for women or destruction." An inquest was opened but was adjourned.

I WANT TO GIVE AWAY THOUSANDS OF 10-DAY TREATMENTS FREE

TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERINGS OF HUMANITY

DR. ABBOTT

I want every man or woman reader of this paper who suffers to write me and get this wonderful TEN DAY TREATMENT of mine—FREE.

My Ten Day Treatment Positively Cures BACKACHE FREE

It is not an experimental distribution of medicine, such as have been made before, that I am offering you. It is not a sample of medicine or a proof, but a bonafide ten-day treatment that has cured a great many people and should cure you. And it is absolutely free to you. There is no money to pay. I even pay postage and all charges. I just want to relieve thousands of sufferers in return for the success that my thirty-two years of labor in the medical profession have brought me.

If you have rheumatism, back-ache, kidney or bladder troubles, chronic catarrh, or any of the other Uric Acid compiaints, such as often are female weakness and so-called male nervous debility, write to me, filling out the little coupon herewith attached and I will send you at once a full Ten-Day Treatment, as thousands of earnest testimonials I have in my possession will prove to you.

There is too much sickness in the world and it is mostly due to neglect. Long treatments, expensive courses of medicine, with their consequent expense, are no longer necessary. I can and do cure with these Ten-Day Treatments and I want to give thousands of sufferers a chance to profit by my discovery at my expense. It costs you nothing, now nor any time.

Are you racked with pain?

Do you suffer so that your daily work is a torture instead of being a pleasure?

Have you lost ambition, zest, enterprise, the desire to better yourself because of pains, aches, dullness?

Has rheumatism set its clutches on your muscles and palsied your limbs so that life is hardly worth living, your days a horror and your nights a terror?

I can relieve your suffering and I want to do it now. Write to me. Fill out the coupon and mail it to me. That is all you need to do. I will do the rest and it will cost you absolutely nothing.

Rheumatism, back-ache, kidney troubles, bladder troubles, chronic catarrh, female weakness and the so-called weakness of men are generally due to one cause—uric acid poisoning. My treatment, which is different from all others, will dispel your pains; it will make life worth living. Take it and you will get up in the morning after a sound night's sleep, refreshed and invigorated. Once more your muscles will respond to your will and do so readily, without twinges of agony, without reluctance. Your backache will vanish and you will bless me and thank me as have done thousands of others.

This treatment is not an experiment. It does not contain drugs that injure you while giving temporary relief. We have vouched for it according to law.

I am not offering to send you a sample but a full ten days' course of treatment with full instructions as to how to use it and all of it is absolutely free to you.

I want to convince you that it is your duty to yourself and to those who love you and are dependent on you to try this free 10day treatment of mine.

No man tortured with uric acid complaints is fit for the battle of life. He cannot bring his brain nor his hands to work properly when his body is racked with pain. No woman can care for her home, bring up her children right or work if she is cross, miserable, distracted by suffering. The struggle is too keen, competition too merciless, the fight for success too strenuous to be handicapped by physical ills. To the man or woman who suffers I want to bring relief, comfort, happiness, success. Fill out the coupon attached here and mail to me. Don't wait until tomorrow, tomorrow never comes, do it at once. With my Ten-day Treatment, I will also send my book on Uric Acid Diseases. It is a pamphlet full of the results of an experience of thirty-two years, during which I have specialized in uric acid complaints. It contains also a few of the tens of thousands of testimonial letters from preachers, lawyers, men and women of affairs the country over who have not hesitated to say just how much I have benefitted them.

DR. G. B. ABBOTT.

P. S.—Perhaps you have a friend who is a sufferer. Don't hesitate to have him or her fill out this coupon or write me in a letter or you do it for your friend. They will call you blessed.

Don't Send Me Any Money,

NOT EVEN POSTAGE—I WILL PAY ALL EXPENSES. BUT IF YOU VALUE HAPPINESS, SUCCESS, A HEALTHY MIND IN A HEALTHY BODY, DON'T WASTE ANY TIME, BUT FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TO ME. REMEMBER IT IS FREE. YOU WILL OWE ME NOTHING NOW OR LATER.

COUPON

TEN DAYS' TREATMENT FREE.

Dr. G. B. Abbott, 1528 Austen Building, Chicago, Ill.

Have you pain in the back? ..... Have you rheumatism? .....

Have you Kidney trouble? ..... Do you get up nights to urinate? .....

Are you constipated? ..... Where is the most pain? .....

Have you catarrh? ..... Your age? ..... Married or single? .....

Name .....

Address .....

The Best Beverage under the Sun—

Drink Coca-Cola

A welcome addition to any party—any time—any place.

Sparkling with life and wholesomeness.

Delicious
Refreshing
Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.

1-A

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

FRIEDMANN SELLS FOR $1,925,000

Gets $125,000 Cash and Rest in Stock for American Rights to Cure.

New York, April 28.—After long negotiations Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann arranged yesterday for the sale of the American rights in his turtle vaccine consumption cure for $125,000 in cash and $1,800,000 in stock in 36 Friedrich F. Friedmann institutes to be organized in 36 selected states, with a total capitalization of $5,400,000

The first payment to Dr. Friedmann on account was made Saturday. It consisted of a check for $125,000, which will be all the cash Dr. Friedmann will receive until the fees for the treatment of patients with his turtle vaccine begin to come in.

The American concern which will undertake the marketing of the Friedmann cure is the Eisner-Mendelson Company. Under the terms of the agreement, this concern is to organize the 36 Friedrich F. Friedmann Institutes with a capitalization of $150,000 each, each institute to retain $100,000 in treasury stock and turn over to Dr. Friedmann $50,000 in stock as his share.

The negotiations for the marketing of the Friedmann vaccine were conducted in the offices of the law firm of Leaventritt, Cook & Nathan, at 111 Broadway. Dr. Friedmann was present when negotiations were terminated but he was also represented by Carl Schurz, his personal counsel. On behalf of the Eisner-Mendelson Co., which gains control of the vaccine, the law firm of Leventritt, Cook & Nathan drew up the final form of the agreement.

WOMAN WASTES 330,000 WORDS

Spoke for 56 Hours in Own Defense, and Lost.

London, April 24.—A remarkable forensic record for a woman was established by Miss Lind-af-hageby, an anti-vivisectionist leader, in conducting her own suit for libel against the Pall Mall Gazette and a London physician. During the 16 days' hearing of the case it is estimated that she spoke in 56 hours about 330,000 words, matching her arguments against the most skilful advocates at the bar. She lost the case, however, the jury sitting only a quarter of an hour late yesterday. She will have to pay the costs, which will be about $30,000.

Her last speech before the case went to the jury was passionately eloquent, provoking loud applause, which the judge did not suppress because, he said, he thought it a "laudable expression in the circumstances."

1,000 MILES BY 'PLANE

French Aviator Made Only Two Stops on Way.

By the Associated Press.

Kollum, Holland, April 28.—A continuous flight of over 1,000 miles by aeroplane was completed here early today by the French aviator Ernest Francois Guillaux. He made only two stops during his flight from Biarritz in the extreme southwest of France, which he left yesterday morning, descending to replenish his fuel at Bordeaux and Villacoublay.

The entire trip was made in a little more than 22 hours.

LA FOLLETTE PLANS TARIFF

Wisconsin Senator Will Offer Bill All His Own.

Washington, April 23.—Senator La Follette of Wisconsin will have a tariff bill all his own. After looking over the Underwood bill and hearing what the regular Republican leaders contemplate offering as a substitute, the Wisconsin senator has decided that he can support neither measure.

Senator La Follette indicated his desire to offer a tariff embodying his own ideas and asked that the committee obtain an expert for him to work out the details of his measure. The committee was agreed and the services of an expert were placed at Mr. La Follette's disposal.

BRYAN WON'T SERVE WINE TO DIPLOMATS

Washington, April 22.—Diplomatic circles were in animated discussion today of Secretary Bryan's dinner party the other night to some 40 distinguished members of the diplomatic corps, at which unfermented grape juice was served in place of the variety of wines which customarily have a place. Officialdom talked so much about the innovation that the story leaked out.

BUY SOME OF MEXICO?

United States Said to Consider Purchase.

New York, April 28.—A story reached New York today to the effect that financial interests in New York have learned that negotiations are in progress by which the Republic of Mexico plans to cede to the United States Lower California and all of that portion of Mexico lying north of the twenty-sixth parallel of North latitude and between the ninety-eighth and one hundred and sixteenth meridians of West longitude in consideration of $30,000,000.

This vast deal, involving approximately 250,000 square miles of territory and some 4,000,000 of population, is reported to be under the direction of Speyer & Co., bankers, of New York city, who have for a long time had extensive interests in Mexico, and which firm has previously financed a number of important matters pertaining to that country.

PLANS FOR HUGE TASK

Interstate Commerce Commission to Value Railways.

Washington, April 28.—The Interstate Commerce Commission, preparing for the work of making a physical valuation of railroads, in accordance with the provisions of a recent act of congress, is about to announce the personnel of an advisory board of tie engineers which will assist the commission in formulating plans for the work. This board will have direct charge of the valuation work in various sections of the country.

Approximately 10,000 applications for positions in the physical valuation service of the commission have been received. It is expected that, eventually, several hundred employes will be engaged in the work, but it is announced by the commission that, with the exception of the five members of the advisory board of engineers, and perhaps a like number of administrative heads of other departments of the work, all employes will be secured through the civil service commission.

It is regarded as not likely that the work of valuating physically the railroads of the United States can be completed under five years. How much it will cost is largely conjectural, but the lowest estimate made by those who have any intelligent idea of it is $1,800,000 a year.

AWAKES FROM 77 DAYS' SLEEP

French Rope Maker Amazed to Find Himself in Hospital.

Cherbourg, France, April 25.—When Leon Jean, a ropemaker, woke today he das amazed to find himself in a hospital instead of at home. He had been asleep 77 days, although he thought he had been bed only a few hours. Jean could not be awakened February 6, and he was sent to a hospital by members of his family. The present health of the ropemaker seems to be good.

SUFFRAGE BOMB AT LLOYD'S

Policeman Extinguishes Fuse on Sputtering Death Sphere.

Cardiff, Wales, April 25.—"Votes for women! W. L. P." were the words painted on a bomb found this morning by a patrolman on the doorstep of Lloyd's bank in this city. The fuse attached to the bomb was burning when it was discovered and was pluckily seized and extinguished by the policeman.

HOUSE AMAZED BY JAP WAR SPEECH

Representative Sisson Tells Congress Not to Fear a Fight.

Washington, April 28.—A "war speech" in support of the proposed California anti-alien land law was delivered in the house today by Representative Sisson of Mississippi.

"If we must have war or submit to this indignity, I am for war," cried Mr. Sisson. "I am with the people of California in their efforts to prevent these aliens from acquiring land."

Treaties Won't Cure.

"Treaty making can never deprive the states of a reserved power," continued Sisson. "This California question is far-shadowing and important in its results. Nearly all of the saes have statutes regulating the rights of aliens in reference to acquiring real estate. Nearly every state has some limitation.

"This democratic administration should announce with no uncertain tone to the world the doctrine that congress proposes to recognize the right of the people of these states to determine who shall own the land within the state and that the United States government will not prevent the states from making such land laws as they see fit and proper provided they do not discriminate against citizens of the United States.

Internal Broils.

"If the president and senate should commit themselves to any other proposition, we will have internal broils at home and envious international complications and intermeddling into our domestic concerns occasioned by the constant complaints of the alien land owner to his own government.

About half the membership of the house sat in amazement while Mr. Sisson immediately after the session began, took the floor. Wearied with a week of routine tariff debatee, members paid close attention to Mr. Sisson's argument and his speech was frequently interrupted by applause.

MURDOCK MAKES A TARIFF REPORT

Progressive Leader Believes Tariff Commission Is Badly Needed.

Washington, April 24.—A tariff commission with power to elicit information was urged, reasonable reduction of any duty obviously excessive was advocated and radical reductions not founded on adequate information were opposed in a minority report presented to the house today by Representative Murdock of Kansas, the Progressive member of the ways and means committee.

Mr. Murdock, in his report, asserted that if there had been wanting proof of the necessity of a tariff commission the pending Democratic tariff bill alone would supply it. He charged that, as a result of the methods used in its preparation, the few men who drafted it "are not warranted in feeling certainty as to its effects, and most of those who have endorsed it in caucus as a party measure cannot have other than a superficial knowledge of its provisions.

The Democratic revision, he said, had been undertaken in defiance of a universally popular demand that "the tariff should be revised scientifically, a schedule at a time, upon data that is not ex-parte, with full right of debate and amendment, without secrecy in caucus or committee and without cloture in congress."

Thus, he said, was repeated the error which characterized the earlier stages of preparation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff.

Canal Opening Set for Next New Year

Washington, April 23.—Colonel George W. Goethals, engineer in charge of the Panama canal, has designated January 1, 1914, as the day upon which the canal will be open to navigation. Dispatches to this effect were received by Secretary of War Garrison.

Secretary Garrison further announced that he had decided to award to Captain Amundsen, the antarctic explorer, and his ship, the Fram, the honor of making the first passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific via the new waterway.

SENDS JURY BACK TO PLANTING

Kansas Judge Says Farming Is More Important Than Law.

Phillipsburg, Kan., April 23.—Putting in the crops is more important now in this section than the settlement of law suits, in the opinion of District Judge W. S. Langmade, announced when he discharged the jury in his court today and told the members to go back to the spring planting.

"We need more good farmers and good farming," the judge said. "And we need fewer laws.

"None of the cases on the docket really is important. I deem the spring planting of more importance in Phillips county than the trial of these suits. The planting cannot wait. The suits can."

AIRMAN DEAD, PRINCESS HURT

Two Aviation Accidents at Aerodrome in Berlin.

Berlin, April 24.—The German aviator, Dunetz, was killed this morning at the Johannisthal aerodome by falling from a considerable height while flying in his aeroplane.

Princess Eugenie Shakoffsokoya, a Russian air pilot, and Vsevolod Abramovitch, a Russian airman, also fell while flying in a biplane at Johannisthal today and were both injured, Abramovitch very severely and the princess slightly. Their machine collapsed at a height of 30 feet and dashed to the ground.

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This Twentieth Century Hanging in United States

Uniontown, Pa., April 24.—Due to bungling on the part of some one, John Harris, a negro condemned to death was not executed with the "humanity" that is supposed to characterize hanging. Harris was placed on the scaffold at the county jail here this morning, and when it was sprung the rope was about three feet too long. The victim fell to the ground beneath the scaffold, and with the rope around his neck, he landed on his knees where he remained motionless for several minutes. It was thought the drop had broken his neck until he started to rise to his feet. Then the sheriff and his deputies jumped to the scaffold pulled up Harris' body by the rope until the feet were clear of the flooring. For 18 minutes the condemned man struggled and twisted, his contortions evidencing the intense agony of strangling to death.

Harris shot and killed a fellow negro last May. The execution is the twelfth in the history of the county.

FAVORS PEACE PLAN OF BRYAN

London, April 25.—"Secretary of State Bryan's peace proposal laid before the diplomatic corps at Washington yesterday has all the simplicity characteristic of the great idea," says the Evening Standard today, "but whether it is practical only time will show. The gravest discredit will be reflected on any European government which does not welcome the communication and give it the fullest and most sympathetic consideration."

O. K. BRYAN PEACE IDEA

Senators Hear Plan for World Peace.

Washington, April 23.—At the conclusion of a two hour conference today with the entire membership of the senate committee on foreign relations, Secretary Bryan stated that the committee had given general approval to his outline of a plan designed to bring about international peace. Secretary Bryan said the details of the plan would not be given out until he had talked them over with President Wilson.

INCOME TAX WILL YIELD $70,125,000

Washington, April 23.—Democratic leaders estimate that, exclusive of the corporation tax, the Underwood income tax will yield revenue for the first year under the operation of the bill as follows:

Incomes, amount.	Number of incomes.	Tax rate, per cent.	Revenue
$ 4,000-5,000	126,000	1	$ 630,000
5,000-10,000	178,000	1	5,340,000
10,000-15,000	53,000	1	4,240,000
15,000-20,000	24,500	1	3,185,000
20,000-25,000	10,500	1-2	2,100,000
25,000-50,000	21,000	1-2	9,600,000
50,000-100,000	8,500	1-2-3	11,500,000
100,000-250,000	2,500	1-2-3-4	11,500,000
250,000-500,000	550	1-2-3-4	6,743,000
More than $1,000,000	100	1-2-3-4	5,826,000
Total			$70,125,000

EFFICIENCY BOYS SEE WILSON

Forty-seven Youths Are Presented to President.

By the Associated Press.

Washington, April 28.—Forty-seven boys, who are making a tour of the world under the direction of the National Youth Achievement Committee of the Panama Pacific exposition are to be received today by President and Mrs. Wilson at the White House. The boys, most of whom are skilled musicians and who number among them many able mechanics and juvenile geniuses in other crafts, were selected as the highest types of the American school boy. They are making the tour to invite representative boys of foreign lands to the "International boy city," which is to be one of the features of the exposition in San Francisco.

EGYPT'S COTTON BEST, HE SAYS

Lloyd-George Argues for a British Loan to Promote Nile Industry.

London, April 25.—Protection for the cotton trade of Lancashire by fostering the supply of cotton independent of America was the gist of Chancellor Lloyd-George's argument on introducing in the house of commons this evening a resolution permitting the British government to guarantee a Sudan loan of $15,000,000 for the development of cotton growing along the Nile. Egyptian cotton, he claimed, was better from the point of view of the manufacturer and the quality of the goods obtained from that product and also better from the point of view of the workman, because it was clean and healthier to work than American cotton.

AT 99 SHE FALLS DOWNSTAIRS

And Aged Woman Gets Up Unhurt and Jokes.

New Castle, Pa., April 25.—"That's the fastest I've travelled in many a day," remarked Mrs. Nancy Roberts, aged 99, when on yesterday she fell down stairs at the Almira Home for Aged Women. Attendants rushed to her aid. Mrs. Roberts assured them that she was unhurt.

Japanese Leader Sees Christianity Blocking War

Count Shigonobu Okuma, former premier and foreign minister of Japan. He declared in a speech before prominent American residents and visitors in Tokio that only the influence of Christianity remained to avert the war impending between his country and the United States over the California alien land bill.

BULL MOOSE AND G.O.P. WON'T JOIN

Ohio Politician in Washington Discusses Situation in Ohio.

Washington, April 23.—That the Ohio Bull Moose is a carniverous animal and will eat the Republican elephant raw without pepper, salt or other condiment, is the prediction of that veteran Democratic Ohio politician, General Tom Powell, of Columbus, who is in Washington.

"There seems to be no possibility of the Republicans and Progressives getting together," said General Powell. "There is too much bitterness there to warrant the hope of the Republican party that the Progressives will ever be induced to go back to the fold. The supremacy of the Democratic party depends, in a measure, upon the success of the new administration.

"Governor Cox appears to have begun right. He conducted himself admirably during the flood, a situation that was calculated to test a man's ability severely. The governor acquitted himself with much credit. He has undoubtedly made every effort to carry out the pledges of the Democratic state platform."

Ohio, with reference to the Democratic party, is somewhat in a similar position to the Democracy of the nation with reference to the President. I have faith that President Wilson is going to make good, but the country, of course, has not yet had time to determine this question.

"But the old time Republican party in Ohio—The party of McKinley, Sherman, Hanna and Foraker—is dead."

FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE

Bryan Explains His Plan to the Diplomats.

Washington, April 24. — Secretary Bryan today laid before the diplomatic corps his plans for an international agreement for peace. Almost every ambassador and minister in Washington was at the secretary's office at noon in response to his invitation and heard his explanation of the plan which soon will be the basis of treaty negotiations.

Mr. Bryan later said the outline he presented to the diplomats did not go into detail because details are a matter of agreement between the contracting nations and might be different in different cases.

"The statement presented to the diplomatic representatives," said Secretary Bryan, "is only intended to set forth the main proposition, namely, that the President desires to enter into an agreement with each nation, for the investigation of all questions of every nature whatever. This agreement is intended to supplement the arbitration treaties now in existence and those that may be made hereafter. Arbitration treaties except some questions from arbitration. The agreement proposed by the President is intended to close the gap and leave no dispute that can become a cause for war without investigation."

TOO MANY ROADS TO HEAVEN

Sectarianism Its Own Enemy in the Mission Field.

Chicago, April 25.—Prof. Charles Richmond Henderson, head of the department of sociology at the University of Chicago, who returned recently from a tour of the Orient, urged Christian leaders to forget sectarian differences in their effort to teach religion in the Far East, in a lecture last night at the university on the subject, "Our Message to the Orient."

He said that thinkers in India, China and Japan were bewildered and angry at the controversies of Christian denominations.

"The suspicious attitude of the Oriental thinkers causes us to question ourselves decidedly," he said. "They are not 'benighted heathen' who can be fooled by any who are dishonest or foolish enough to try it. They know that historical methods have revolutionized our conceptions of the Bible and its authority. They say that if they must yield their myths and marvels they cannot accept ours in the name of faith."

FARM LOSS IS HEAVY

Wind and Rain Cost $16,000,000, Says Sandles.

Columbus, April 23.—Sixteen million dollars is the loss to Ohio farmers caused by the recent floods, as estimated by Secretary A. P. Sandles, of the state board of agriculture, from reports of correspondents in practically every township in the state. Secretary Sandles thus itemizes the loss:

From high winds preceding the flood, rains, $1,228,000.

Flood damage to buildings, fences, roads and live stock, $7,000,000.

Soil washed away, $3,300,000.

Corn in crib, $320,000.

Drift wood and debris, $350,000.

Losses were greatest, of course, to farmers in the valleys of the Muskingum, Scioto and Miami rivers, although damage was proportionately as large in the valleys of smaller streams and creeks. High winds did most damage in northwestern Ohio. Many wind pumps were blown down and roofs removed.

Secretary Sandles urges the planting of trees upon farms as an effective method of flood prevention. Roots of trees retain the water in the ground, preventing quick drainage into the waterways.

Although the wheat crop suffered a loss by the flood equal to about seven per cent, based on the 1912 acreage, the prospect for a good wheat yield this year is excellent, says Sandles. Growing conditions are much better than a year ago, he says, and the acreage exceeds that of last year by fully 600,000. Unless some unexpected damage is done, before harvest, the crop ought to exceed the 1912 crop by at least 15,000,000 bushels, he thinks.

Oats suffered a three per cent loss and rye five per cent.

Callous Customs Men Seize $10,000 of Wedding Gifts

By the Associated Press.

New York, April 28.—Unromantic customs inspectors seized $10,000 worth of wedding gifts today and sent them to the public stores, because Sir Wilfred Peek, Bart., of Seaton, England, refused to pay 4 per cent duty on them. They were intended for Miss Edwina Thornburgh, of St. Louis, who is to marry Sir Wilfred on May 7, and consisted of gold and silver plate from his relatives and friends in London and Europe.

Sir Wilfred was hunting in India when he received a cablegram from Miss Thornburgh naming the day. He caught the first liner from Calcutta and hurried to Seaton. There he found an array of wedding presents awaiting his bride. These he had packed in two large boxes, intending to take them to St. Louis to display at the wedding and bring back to England a month later. The thought of paying duty, he says, never crossed his mind. So he left them here, to reclaim them on his departure, with the exception of eight gold plates. He took these with him to St. Louis, after paying $64 duty.

DARTMOUTH DROPS MEDICINE

After 1914 Medical Course Will Be Abandoned.

By the Associated Press.

Hanover, N. H., April 28.—The Dartmouth college medical school, the fourth oldest in the country, will be practically abandoned after the present junior class has been graduated in 1914. After that date, according to announcement published today, the medical course at Dartmouth will be cut from four years down to two and no further degrees in demicine will be given, the two-year course in medicine being maintained merely for students who elect it to count toward a degree of bachelor of science.

The trustees have decided to take this action because the old medical school has suffered from the lack of clinical material due mainly to its isolated situation. The school was established in 1798. The 115th graduation exercises were held on Friday last when 10 degrees were conferred.

Just about the time we begin to feel that life is one grand sweet song, with the joys outnumbering the little irritations three to one, the next mail brings in a poem, with a sigh in every other line.

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These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

MALE HELP WANTED.

Wanted—Men in every locality to demonstrate and take orders for the MELROSE CONVERTIBLE WAGON BED, new invention for the farm; 15 boxes and racks in one, can be changed from any one position to any other in two minutes or less time; no tools needed—just your hands; others are selling them every day; so can you; every farmer interested; good men wanted to represent us; big money-making offer; work all or spare time; start now and pocket the profits; write us today—get our big finely illustrated book and money-making terms. Address American Wagon Co., 141 Lincoln ave., Dixon, Ill.

Be a Detective—Earn $150 to $300 per month; travel over world. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. T-14, Chicago.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid, secure territory. Shepard's Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

HELP WANTED.

Government positions open to men and women. $80.00 month. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "lay offs." Parcels post means thousands of postal appointments. "Pull" unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Write immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-31, Rochester, N. Y.

Song Poems wanted. I've paid thousands in royalties. Send your poems or melodies for acceptance. Will pay you 50 per cent royalty. Established 16 years. Free booklet. John T. Hall, 107 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y.

Agents—$173 in two weeks, made by Mr. Williams, Illinois, selling the Automatic Jack, combination 12 tools in one. Used by auto owners, teamsters, liveries, factories, mills, miners, farmers, etc. Easy sales, big profits. Exclusive county rights if you write QUICK. Automatic Jack Company, Box O, Bloomfield, Indiana.

AGENTS.

AGENTS sell rich looking $6 by 6ft Imported Rugs, $1.00 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer, selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid by parcel post, 98c. O. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Sell the great flood book of the National Calamity, 100% profit. Prompt delivery. Send 10 cents for Prospectus and Instructions. C. E. Comer, Mgr., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—$7 daily selling our family needle cases. 115 assorted needles and particulars, 10c. Cortland Co., 446-A, Spruce St., Clearfield, Pa.

Men-Women, All Towns, Sell Greatest Money-maker. Big pay. Credit allowed. Sample free. Horner Mfg., 526 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guar-anteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

Agents are now making $10 a day selling $1.00 book on "Dayton Flood and Omaha Tornado," telling awful experiences of survivors, many of whom lost their homes and all they had but their lives; 350 pages; 50 illustrations, actual photographs. Enormous demand; biggest sales in country districts and small towns; many agents selling 100 or more books a week; part of publisher's profits contributed to National Relief Fund to help flood sufferers. Also book on "White Slave Traffic and Vice Crusade." Two "best sellers" published. Highest commission, 50 per cent or better; freight paid; credit given; extra inducements to General Agents and Crew Managers for securing three or more agents. Outfits free; order at once and make $10 or more per day. Don't delay. International Bible House, Dept. W., Perry Bldg., Philadelphia.

Wanted—Agents to sell Home Remedies. Write Home Remedy Co., Fredonia, N. Y.

SINGING.

Voice Culture successfully taught by mail for eleven years; diplomas issued to graduates; write for particulars and convincing testimonials. Illinois Conservatory, Studio 27, 96 Broadway, N. Y.

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Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Rare Opportunity to make a comfortable living at home, sewing plain seams, all or spare time; no canvassing; state time can sew; no trifflers. Send ten cents for samples, postage, etc., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewing Company, Jobbers, Sewing Dept. 42, Rehoboth, Delaware.

Ladies make supporters. $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wisconsin Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

SALESMAN WANTED

WANTED—Salesmen and Saleswomen hundreds of good positions now open paying from $1,000.00 to $5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade traveling salesman or saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning practical salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address nearest office: Dept. 230 A, National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco, New Orleans, Toronto.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

New Jersey profitable Garden State Farms near Philadelphia, Trenton and New York. Send for catalogue. A. W. Dresser, Burlington, N. J.

Virginia Farms and Timber Lands, improved and unimproved; $5.00 an acre and up; rich land, heavy crops, healthy climate, happy farmers; Colonial homes; catalogue free. B. T. WATKINS & CO., 26 North Ninth st., Richmond, Va.

Farmers—Investors—Come to Michigan, high altitude, good soil, pure water, sure crops, healthy climate, cheap land, section tracts at $10 per acre. Henry Meyneck, McBain, Mich.

For Sale in the Corn, Wheat, Oats, Clover and timothy belt where prices will double in a short time; improved lands, $75 to $125 per acre; easy terms. Newton Bros., Knox, Indiana.

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Farms Wanted. We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 96 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Wanted—To hear from owner who has good farm for sale; send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARM LANDS.

For Sale—Low priced agricultural, orchard, grazing, and olive and oak timber lands, both improved and unimproved. Write us. Amity Real Estate Co., Amity, Ark.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE—Investing For Profit Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely Free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments. The Real Earning Power of your money. This magazine six months Free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 407-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SPORTING GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books, etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, N. J.

Tobacco Habit: Pay When Cured. Quick, harmless, pleasant. Send no money, but your name today. J. Edward Cook, Desk W, Wichita, Kansas.

Wanted—Old, colored Pictures, and Books with colored illustrations, 1830 to 1880. Book Exchange, Toledo, Ohio.

BOOKS.

Song book for a 2c stamp. B. Antiers, 322 Royal St., New Orleans, La.

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2,000 FIGHT FOR DIKE

Desperate Battle for Life on Mississippi.

New Orleans, April 25.—After a desperate all night fight an army of 2,000 men had strengthened the main line levee at Remy so that it held out against the threatening Mississippi flood tide this morning.

A driving rainstorm pelted the weakened embankments throughout the night, but hundreds of bags of sand kept back the river.

WOULD DUCK HAYWOOD

Jersey Mob Foiled by Police and Sheriff.

By the Associated Press.

Paterson, N. J., April 28.—William D. Haywood, leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, was arrested at Passaic today on his way here from New York to surrender himself under an indictment charging him with inciting riots among the silk mill strikers. Ten thousand strikers had gathered at the Erie railroad station here to meet Haywood and witness his arrest and escort him to jail. Fearing a disturbance if the arrest was made here, Sheriff Radcliffe went to Passaic and took Haywood off the train that was due here at 10:02.

Haywood was released on bail soon after his arrival here with the sheriff.

When the leader was taken from the train at Passaic he was quickly surrounded by a crowd which shouted, "duck him in the river!" The demonstration became so threatening that the sheriff called on several policemen to help him escort the prisoner to the automobile.

JOINED CHURCH TO GET MONEY

South Bend Man Is Accused by Wife in Divorce Suit.

South Bend, Ind., April 25.—Charging that although her husband had joined church within a month after they were married and had attended only three services since, he now maintains there is no God and no Christ, Mrs. Lavley P. Williams has filed suit in the circuit court for divorce against her husband, Thomas D. Williams. The complainant alleges Williams joined church in an effort to win her, in the idea she had $7,000 in her own name. After they were married, she declared, further, he found out differently; then he refused to attend church anymore.

STEAL EYES AT PITTSBURG

Thieves Rob Flood Victim Though He Hides Glass Under Mattress.

Pittsburg, April 25.—Someone stole "Jim" Sullivan's glass eye early yesterday. Jim whose home was in Williamstown, W. Va., lost all his chattels in the recent flood and came to Pittsburg to get work. When he went to bed in a boarding house he put his eye under the mattress. In the morning it was gone. "I don't look right without my eye and I don't feel comfortable," said Jim, in reporting the theft to the police. "By gosh, when they swipe a fellow's eye, that's the limit."

Pay of German Troops.

Price Collier, in Scribner's.

To the American the pay of the German troops, officers and men, is ludicrously small. A lieutenant receives for the first three years $300 a year, from the fourth to sixth year $425, from the seventh to the ninth year $495, from the tenth to the twelfth year $600 a year. A captain receives from the first to the fourth year $850, from the fifth to the eighth year $1,150, and the ninth year and after $1,275 a year. Of one hundred officers who join, only an average of eight attain to the command of a regiment. A commanding general, or general inspector of cavalry or field artillery receives $3,495; a division commander, or inspector of cavalry, field and heavy artillery, $3,388; a brigade commander, $2,565; commander of a regiment, or officer of the general staff of the same rank, $2,193. There are various additions to these sums for traveling, keep of horses, house rent and the like.